

Volume 1

APRIL, 1920

Number 12



Price \$2.00 the Year

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

Payable in Advance

CONTENTS of THE GRAIL for APRIL, 1920

A WORD TO OUR READERS.....	355
THE COMMUNION PRAYER—REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.....	356
THE BIRTHDAY OF THE GRAIL—ANSELM SCHAAP, O. S. B.....	357
THE EASTER LILIES—HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE	358
THE SACRED HEART—(Poem)—ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.....	360
THE MIRACULOUS CURES OF LOURDES—P. JOSEPH KREUTER, O. S. B.....	361
PLACES OF WORSHIP IN SWITZERLAND—MARIE WIDMER.....	362
THE WATCHMAN OF THE TOWER—MARY E. MANNIX.....	365
THE TREE OF LIFE—(Poem)—J. A. Y.....	367
THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAGEDY.....	368
FATHER FINTAN WIEDERKEHR, O. S. B.....	369
CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE—ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT.....	371
SECULAR OBLATES OF ST. BENEDICT—REV. HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.....	373
NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.....	374
CHILDREN'S CORNER—AGNES BROWN HERING.....	378
ABBEY CHRONICLE.....	381
BOOK REVIEW.....	382

THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Ind. REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor, REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 20 cents: \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Address all *literary* contributions, notices for insertion in the magazine, etc., to Editor THE GRAIL. Address all *business* letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to THE ABBEY PRESS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Make all checks, drafts postal and express money orders payable to THE ABBEY PRESS. Do not use or add any other name.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the *old* and the *new* address.

Entered as second-class matter, May 23, 1919, at the Post Office at St. Meinrad, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 5, 1919.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES. Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a high Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

OUR SCHOLARSHIPS

For poor students preparing for the Holy Priesthood.

NOTE: A Scholarship, or Burse, is a sum of money, under present conditions \$5000, which when placed on interest yields sufficient returns to support a student during his course of studies.

There is no obligation to give any certain amount at any certain time. Give what you can and when you can.

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP:—F. Eische, Ill., 1.00; J. Hattmannstrefer, Wis., 2.00; A. Kunze, N. J., 1.00; K. Verkamp, Ind., 10.00; M. Schmer, N. Y., 1.00; J. Grasser, O., 1.00; J. Zewe, Pa., 1.00; F. Richer, Pa., 1.00; F. Strattmann, Nebr., .50; F. Dieckmann, O., 1.00; Rev. Chas. Clever, Ind., 10.00; A. Geis, Ind., 2.00; T. Lauterbach, Ind., 2.00; P. Williams, Wis., 1.00; H. Heck, Ind., 1.00; N. N., Ind., 1.00; C. Menzenberger, Ky., 5.00; P. Reschberger, Mich., 1.00; W. Torbeck, Ind., 1.00; H. Wittner, Pa., 1.00; A. Lang, Pa., 2.00; N. N., Ind., .10; J. Schmidt, Ia., 1.00; D. Donahue, Ind., 4.00; W.

Fischer, Ill., 4.00; P. Black, Wis., 1.00. Total—\$56.60.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP:—N. N., Ind., 10.00; Rev. Geo. Hoffmann, S. Dak., 25.00; N. N., Ind., 10.00; R. Richard, Ind., 10.00; N. N., Ind., 10.00; M. Kirschner, Pa., 1.00; P. Black, Wis., 1.00; F. Beltz, W. Va., 2.00. Total—\$69.00.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP:—H. Troendle, Ill., 2.00; M. Mueller, Ind., 1.00; J. Gundlach, N. Y., 2.50; M. Wilhelm, Pa., 1.00; V. Salz, Ill., 1.00; A. Conrad, N. J., 1.00; M. Bruggemann, Ill., 2.00; W. Torbeck, Ind., 1.00. Total—\$11.50.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP:—J. Neu, La., 1.00; R. M., La., 25.00; N. N., Ind., 1.00; O. Singer, N. Y., 2.00; C. Heiberger, Ia., 4.00; C. Kunmann, Ill., 1.00; E. Schmauling, N. J., 1.00; H. Delamare, Calif., 5.00; N. N., Ind., 10.00; E. Berheide, Ind., 2.00. Total—\$52.00.

Address all letters and communications to
THE ABBEY PRESS,
St. Meinrad, Indiana.
c/o REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.

The Grail

A POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE BENEDICTINES

With Episcopal Approbation

Volume I

St. Meinrad, Indiana, April, 1920

Number 12

A Word to Our Readers

OUR SERIAL STORY

In the April number we begin *The Watchman of the Tower*, a serial story which Mary E. Mannix has adapted for THE GRAIL from the French of the gifted Mme. Julie Lavergne. We feel quite sure that our readers will enjoy this story of revolutionary days—a time of terror in France. The interest is sustained throughout. Don't miss a copy.

VOLUME ONE

With this issue we conclude volume one of our little magazine. During the past twelvemonth we have formed acquaintances and we trust that we have made many friends who will continue to help us make THE GRAIL a success. We are very grateful for the many kind suggestions that have been offered, even if we were not able to follow all of them, as well as for innumerable other helps that have been so generously given. A word of gratitude is likewise due to our contributors, who have made sacrifices in our behalf. God reward all who have lent us a helping hand.

We have tried to make our paper suitable for the family circle. We have not as yet, it is true, reached our ideal, but, mindful of the ancient adage, we are going to "try, try again."—Writing us the other day, a good friend thus expressed himself: "You are succeeding splendidly in making THE GRAIL a first-class family magazine. Congratulations!"

To launch a paper in these strenuous times, as all will realize, is no small undertaking. Machinery must be bought—and it runs up into the thousands of dollars now; contributors have to be won—and another outlay of cash is required; a subscription list has to be worked up—money, again, is the only blood that quickens the soliciting body. It is just money, money everywhere. In every direction that you turn there is an expectant hand outstretched and a few cents will not quench the desire of the money hungry.

As to the future, we are not going to make any promises, but we will try to raise our standard and let the paper speak for itself. In the very near future, however, we anticipate a slight increase in width and length of the pages.

We beg our readers to bear with us and we hope that they will kindly continue to make helpful suggestions so that by united effort we may produce the best results. Thus we close volume one and look forward to the month of May for the opening of volume two.

SCARCITY OF PRIESTS

One of the objects of our paper, as its name implies and as we have stated before, is to foster devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. The Blessed Sacrament is the center of devotion in our churches. Take away the Eucharist and you remove the foundation stone on which the Church is built. In order to have the Holy Eucharist we must have men ordained of God for the purpose of offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. What a wonderful act of the mercy and love of God is it not that He confides such astonishing powers to mortal men! It is His will to save men through the ministrations of men.

The priesthood is an exalted, a holy state. Not you have chosen me, says the Savior, but I have chosen you. Vocation, then, or the calling to the priesthood, is a gift of the munificence of God. Many a little Mass server of first communicant would like to stand at the altar some day to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. This is the good seed that falls on good ground, but unfortunately before it has had time to bud and bloom it is often stifled in the heart by unthinking parents who have mapped out some other career for Johnny or Tommy. Under various pretenses they put him off and finally talk him out of the notion altogether. Just supposing, they say, that he should become a priest without a vocation, or, we really haven't the means to spare to educate him. Many other pretexts and excuses are brought forward. If Johnny feels an inclination to study for the priesthood, give him trial. During the course of studies, which lasts from eleven to twelve years, he will find out whether or not he has a vocation. Besides, the learning that he will acquire in the meantime will do him no harm. He doesn't have to become a priest simply

because he spends a few years at the seminary. If you really haven't the means, at least show your good will and ask your pastor whether there be no way of getting help.

Some bishops will accept for their dioceses and pay for the education of promising subjects; at some seminaries there are funds established to help those along who have no means; religious orders will gladly educate suitable candidates for the priesthood in their order.

To be of assistance to deserving boys and young men, THE GRAIL has opened a subscription list and it invites its readers to cooperate in the good cause from time to time according to their means. Whether your donation be small or large it will always be welcome and will be acknowledged in these pages. We will make it a point to let you know each month how much the fund has grown. With the desire, therefore, of furthering the good work, we have opened four scholarships, one each in honor of the Blessed Mother of God, St. Joseph, St. Benedict, St. Anthony. This means that if our subscribers are liberal enough between now and next September we can, at the opening of the fall term, accept four poor boys and start them on the road, the end of which is the priesthood. Many who cannot become priests themselves would like to help others. Here's just the chance you are looking for. Let's see how many boys we can start out this coming September. Watch the funds swell, but don't forget to add your quota. Take your pen now, while you think of it, and write out the check you are going to send. Don't put it off till after while, for it may escape your memory.

At first sight the sum required for the education of a single candidate may appear enormous, but it will not seem so great if you stop to consider that the whole amount is put out on interest and that only the interest is used to defray the expenses, while the principal remains intact. Thus as soon as one young man has been ordained another can take his place, and then a third, and so on perpetually. To create this perpetual fund, the sum of \$5000 is needed for a scholarship. This might, indeed, be a heavy burden for one to bear all alone, but where there are many willing hearts and hands the amount is soon made up. Send in your contribution, as soon as possible, it matters not whether it be in the form of cash, check, money order, Liberty Bonds, Interest Coupons of Liberty Bonds, or War Saving Stamps. Let us see how much we can report for April and how much more for May. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Give according to your means and circumstances. The Lord rewards us according to our generosity.

In our country during the past two years death by pneumonia, as well as from other causes, has greatly thinned the meager ranks of the priesthood. Priests are needed for the parishes and on the missions; religious orders are in great need of priests to teach and to do mission work. Europe has lost a large number of priests in the war. The foreign missions are suffering greatly for want of priests. The harvest of souls is white, indeed, but where are the laborers? Let us pray earnestly for an increase of vocations and contribute of our substance to help bring these vocations to a happy issue.

The Communion Prayer

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.

MANY a time have you heard the prayer which the priest pronounces whenever you receive Holy Communion. It expresses the supremest blessing that human lips can utter, namely, that the Sacred Body of Christ may lead you to life eternal.

Perhaps the very fact that this sacred liturgical formula is addressed to you so often, has made you forgetful of its sublime meaning. But as it bespeaks for you a most precious gift, and a happy consummation of your life as a member of the Church Militant, it should be piously recalled every time you participate in the Sacred Banquet.

"May the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ guide your soul into eternal life. Amen." This is the prayer which the Church prescribes for the priest when he distributes Holy Communion to the faithful. No moment is more propitious for pronouncing this heavenly blessing than when the Lord God comes to give Himself to the soul in the Holy Eucharist.

The measure of spiritual strength and power that is communicated to the soul by the Adorable Sacrament and by this Sacred invocation depends

upon the recipient. If he be in the proper disposition, every Holy Communion becomes in reality a stepping stone to eternal life in the Kingdom of God. For the blessing is spoken at the very moment when Christ, the Giver of all good gifts, comes to enrich the soul. There is no moral weakness and no difficulty in the spiritual warfare that may not be overcome by the plentitude of spiritual strength that comes with every worthy reception of the Food of the Strong.

There are countless enemies besetting you, it is true, through your pilgrimage of years, upward to the possession of God. But what evil agency can successfully oppose the might of the Lord? He is with you when you receive Him in the Sacrament of His love, and when the priest asks that this Sacred Body may lead you to the eternal mansions. The same Lord stays with you by means of His powerful grace, as long as you do not offend Him by serious sin.

The blessing spoken over you when Christ becomes the guest of your soul, and His own Sacred presence, will enable you to triumph over every danger that besets you through life's ceaseless conflict.

The Birthday of the Grail

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

MAUNDY* THURSDAY called by Polemius (448) *Natalis Calicis*—the Birth of the Chalice, is the birthday of the Holy Grail—the cup that contained the Precious Blood at the Last Supper. No matter what the legend or tradition may be as to the previous history of this cup, for us it becomes the Holy Grail proper at the institution of the Holy Eucharist. A halo of sanctity encircles that cup and all the other marks of sacredness enshrine it when the Son of God, by His almighty word, deigns for the first time to be born Eucharistically within that cup as at another crib of Bethlehem; for when the Savior took into His sacred hands the bread and pronounced over it the words, "This is My Body," and likewise over the chalice (cup), "This is My Blood," He Himself, true God and true man, was "truly, really, and substantially contained under the appearances of these sensible things," namely, bread and wine.

The mystery of the Eucharist receives a great lustre from the very circumstances of the particular time in which it was instituted: the hour of the Savior's parting from His disciples was

* Maundy Thursday receives its name from the Latin word *mandatum*—*mandate* in English—a name given to the ceremony of the washing of the feet of thirteen persons on this day. It is called by this name because the first antiphon sung begins with the word *Mandatum*. Translated the *Mandatum* reads, "I give you a new commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you, says the Lord."—Our Savior performed this humble act when, immediately before the institution of the Holy Eucharist, He washed the feet of His disciples. The Church has introduced into her liturgy the washing of the feet and it is today that she puts this great lesson of humility before her children. Popes, bishops, abbots, kings, and queens, were wont to honor our Savior's condescension by the performance of this ceremony on Holy Thursday. This custom is still carried out by the Holy Father in Rome as well as by many bishops and abbots in their cathedrals and abbey churches.—Thirteen persons, not twelve, are selected for this purpose, either in memory of St. Paul, who was added to the apostolic college, or, as some authors assert, because of a miracle related in the life of St. Gregory the Great. On one occasion the saint, according to his custom, was washing the feet of twelve poor men when lo, a thirteenth was present. It was an angel whom God had sent to testify how dear to Him was the charity of His servant.—In our day the Holy Father washes the feet of thirteen priests all differing in nationality. In many places thirteen poor men are chosen.

at hand—it was a most solemn farewell banquet; this was the night in which He was to be betrayed. Thus He contrasts an excess of treachery with an excess of love and causes the light of His goodness to shine all the more brilliantly amid the darkness of human malice.

St. Peter Damian, impressed by these facts, was enraptured by the effects this institution has upon mankind. In a sermon that he delivered on this day he exclaims: "Today the Savior has changed the substance of earthly bread and earthly wine into the Sacrament of His Body and Blood and has administered to His disciples the life giving Bread. The forbidden fruit, which the first man in a fit of tumid pride and craving lust had tasted, diffused the poison of every vice and of fatal corruption throughout the entrails (interior) of each and every man of the race. To counteract this deadly venom, therefore, the Christian people swallow the antidote by means of which the infection of the spiritual malady is ejected. By virtue of this new Sacrament we cast out the old leaven, on which rests the curse of God, so that we may pass over from the bonds of slavery to liberty of spirit and to the new unleavened Bread of the regeneration."

These two reasons—the excessive love of the Savior, manifested at this particular time, and the marvellous results to be achieved in our souls—ought to prompt us not to decline the invitation of this twofold birthday celebration of the Holy Eucharist and of the Holy Grail. The invitation cards sent out to our hearts bear the Savior's own signature and the form printed thereon reads: "With desire have I desired to eat this pasch with you. Come, therefore, to me all ye who labor and are burdened and I will refresh you." Of course there will be no exterior joyous festivities. These must be deferred to Corpus Christi. Absence of festivities, however, gives true and genuine love so much more room for wide expansion. We have a standing invitation to this celebration. Let us respond to it not only on the birthday of the Eucharist and of the Holy Grail, but let us heed the call frequently, yes, daily, if possible.

THE BIRTHDAY OF "THE GRAIL"

By a happy coincidence THE GRAIL—the cause of its canonization has not ever been introduced, hence it cannot sail under the glorious title of
(Continued on page 381)

The Easter Lilies

HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

ON the high road, in a pretty suburb of a large, busy city, stood a vine-covered cottage surrounded by an old fashioned garden, so well kept and full of flowers that it excited the admiration of the passers-by almost the whole year through. At the bottom of the garden was a fairly large-sized forcing house, which, towards Spring, was a sight of glory with Easter lilies, while during the rest of the year other choice flowers were lovingly tended there. The whole place belonged to Mary Nolan, a sweet-faced young widow, a devout Catholic, and indefatigable worker, who labored unceasingly and joyfully, not only to support herself and her beloved little daughter, but to earn money with which to help the many wretched cases of poverty in the great city. She had dearly loved her husband, and when, at the end of three years of married life, he had been brought home to her, dying from an accident which had happened while at his work, she had felt as if her heart would break. But the holiness and peace of his death had been an immense comfort to her, and before passing away, he had made her promise to bear their separation with resignation, and not to let her sorrow sadden her life or that of their little girl. "Thank God you have her to be your comfort and joy," he murmured, shortly before he expired with the names of "Jesus and Mary" upon his lips.

So Mary bravely conquered her grief, submitted to the Will of God, and set to work to earn her livelihood. Before her marriage, she had been a dressmaker, and during her happy years of wifehood she had devoted much time and care to her garden. She now determined on combining the two, sewing part of the day and during the rest of it, working at her flowers and vegetables, which she sold in town. Finding the sale of the Easter lilies one of the most profitable, she had made the raising of them quite a serious occupation, and every year, while taking in quite a large sum for her flowers, she always saved enough of them to decorate one of the Altars at the Church.

Her beautiful, bright little girl, Claire, helped her very much, not only in the house, but specially in the garden, for she had a great love for flowers, birds and nature, and she was fairly delighted when the roses and honeysuckle bloomed over the front of the cottage, and the garden was full of choice blossoms. As to the lilies, she

almost revered them; they seemed to her to speak of holiness and purity, and she never saw one without thinking of Our Lady and making a fervent act of love of her Blessed Mother.

So several happy, uneventful years passed, and the prospect of a great joy filled the heart of both mother and daughter, for on Easter Sunday little Claire was to make her first Holy Communion. How her heart beat with happiness and longing as she thought of the great day! And her mother looked forward to it almost as much as she did, for Claire was now her loved little companion and confidant, her all upon earth; and her greatest wish, her every thought, were for Claire's happiness and spiritual welfare. Like St. Louis' mother, she repeatedly told the child that she would sooner by far see her dead than know her to have drifted from God and committed mortal sin. But there seemed no fear of such a calamity, for Claire was an exceptionally pious, pure minded and tractable child, and she prepared herself for her Holy Communion with the greatest fervor.

"Mother, will you be able to spare enough lilies for the High Altar on Easter Sunday?" she asked one day. "I heard they are going to be fearfully expensive this year."

"Yes, dearest, however much it may cost me, I mean the High Altar to be entirely decorated with my lilies and ferns this Easter. That will be my thanksgiving offering to the dear Jesus for the great gift He will bestow on you, the gift of Himself."

Oh, what a happy Easter Sunday that was to both Mother and child, and how they both prayed, with tears of love and happiness! Never had the Altar looked so lovely as that day, with its wealth of Easter lilies, and never had the music sounded so beautiful as it did to them, as they knelt with souls overflowing with fervor! Even after they had reached home and wandered hand in hand in their loved little garden, their hearts seemed too full for words, and every flower and blade of grass to speak to them of God and His love for them.

"See, Mother," murmured Claire at last, "how everything seems to be bursting out into beauty today. Just look at those hyacinths and daffodils and anemones, and see here,—these dear little primroses,—and just smell the violets! There's actually a rose on the front porch already, and the lilacs are coming into bloom soon. But to

my mind there's no flower that comes up to the lily; it almost seems to pray, it is so lovely. People often talk of St. Joseph's lilies, and I love St. Joseph too, but to me a lily always seems to represent Our Lady, it is so fragrant, so pure, so holy looking, with its heart of brilliant gold."

"Yes, dear," answered her mother, "the lily always seems an emblem of all that is pure and holy, and I hope my darling's heart will always be like a lily, fit to offer to Our Blessed Lord," she added, passionately kissing the child's beautiful face.

* * * *

Twelve years had passed since that blessed day, and in the lonely cottage an inconsolable mother prayed and wept for her loved daughter who had left her and fallen into sin and shame. Oh, why had she been so beautiful! Why had she not died on that happy day of her first Communion, when her soul was so pure and full of love of God and Our Lady. Again and again the mother offered up her very life for the salvation of her darling child. Surely, surely God must hear her heart-broken prayer!

In the hospital of a distant city, a beautiful girl with hard, set face, lay apparently dying in dull despair. In vain the good Sisters in charge of the hospital had tried to bring her to repentance, to induce her to see a priest, to tell them where her mother lived, that they might send for her. In vain they had stormed Heaven with their prayers for the poor sinner so near eternity.... so far from God! She would listen to no kind words, she repulsed all consolation, she was bitter, and revolted against God. If there was a God, she declared, He was a cruel one, for He had allowed her to be deceived and dragged into sin against her will, and now she was disgraced and accursed, she had no hope, no wish to live, no wish for anything but to be annihilated. But hell....they suggested,—would she not make an effort to escape that?

"No, do not torment me any more—let me at least die in peace," she answered, as she turned her face to the wall with a pitiful moan of despair.

Monica Halworth, a bright, happy girl, had been visiting the hospital and the Sisters that morning, had heard the story of this beautiful, rebellious patient, and vainly tried to soothe and cheer her; and as she went out into the street again, her heart ached for that girl, little older than herself, and in such a pitiful state of body and mind. She tried to forget her, tried to think of that pretty new hat she was on her way to buy for Easter. At first, though it only cost five dollars, it had seemed too expensive for her, for she was only a stenographer and had to help

the folks at home; but she had received an unexpected little gift and had immediately decided to spend it on the bewitching hat she had coveted for so many days. And now she was on her way to buy it, and her heart had felt so light before she entered the hospital! As she hurried along she passed a florist's store and was struck by the lovely display of Easter lilies. Yes, of course,—this was Holy Week! She stopped to admire them, and in spite of her, they suddenly brought back to her mind the thought of the poor erring girl dying in the hospital ward, with such a look of haunting despair in her beautiful dark eyes. Why should these lilies remind one of her, these pure spotless blossoms, so regal in their perfect beauty? She went on a few steps, but she seemed to see that girl's face look yearningly at her, and somehow the lilies appeared to call her back. What did it mean? Oh, yes, it might be an act of charity to give the sick woman a few flowers, they might comfort and cheer her, was what God was suggesting to her! She would go in and ask the price of them. It fairly staggered her, they were so expensive, and she was just going out of the store, when again a voice seemed to call to her, and a sudden thought struck her. This was Lent, Holy Week, and as yet she had done very little in the way of mortification or sacrifice. What if she sacrificed her new hat? That would certainly be a great, big sacrifice, then she could buy a fine pot of lilies for that girl. At first she couldn't,—it was *too* hard! Then she prayed for light,—for help—and with a sudden inspiration, she bought the most beautiful pot of lilies in the store and hurried back to the hospital with it.

"I have brought you some flowers.... I thought you might like them," she fairly panted in her excitement, as she stood by the sick bed once more.

The girl was lying as she had left her, her face to the wall, but at sound of her voice she turned her head and looked—and then—in a minute.... her face flushed, then paled, tears sprang to her eyes, and sitting up in bed with quivering lips, dilated eyes, and outstretched hands, she cried wildly,

"Mother's lilies! The Easter lilies! Oh, mother! Oh, Jesus and Mary! save me, save me!" and she fell back on her pillows, sobbing as if her heart would break. A Sister hastened forward and lovingly bending over the sufferer, soothed and caressed her, asking her the cause of her tears.

"She brought me some of mother's lilies!.... of the lilies that decked the altar when I made my first Communion," sobbed the girl, "and oh.... I must see mother!.... I must go home!.... I

must receive Jesus in my heart once more!"

"You shall, dear child, you shall," said the Sister, and while she calmed her patient and obtained from her the address of her mother, another Sister phoned at once for the priest, who soon arrived, and with whom they left her to sob out her sins, with bitter tears of compunction. When he left her, a quarter of an hour later, his own eyes were moist, and he said, in a moved voice,

"Poor child! She was more sinned against than sinning; and in any case her contrition and anxiety to atone are most touching. I am going to bring her the dear Lord she is now longing for, and He will comfort her poor aching heart. Have you sent for her mother?"

"Yes, we telegraphed, and I expect she will be here before night," answered the Superior. "Wasn't it wonderful how the sight of those flowers obtained in a minute the conversion we had so labored in vain to obtain. Monica is quite overcome, for she says she was, as it were, forced almost in spite of herself to give up the buying of her Easter hat in order to purchase those lilies for the girl. God's ways are indeed wonderful and merciful."

Monica and the Sisters prepared everything for the last Sacraments and knelt around, while, with fervent devotion and floods of repentant tears, poor Claire, for it was she, received Extreme Unction and welcomed the dear Lord, who came once more into her heart to comfort and strengthen her and fill her soul with the comforting assurance that she was forgiven and was His child again. When it was all over, she lay back on her pillows, her beautiful pale face transfigured with happiness, and tears of ineffable relief rolling slowly down her cheeks. After awhile, she asked for Monica and thanked her fervently, saying:

"No words of mine can tell how grateful I feel to you, for, before you brought me those flowers, my misery and despair were unspeakable; and those lilies seemed like a revelation of God's love to me. Now I am perfectly happy and at peace, leaning once more with love and confidence on the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Oh, may God bless and reward you for what you have done for me!"

That evening Claire's mother arrived, and I need hardly say how perfectly and lovingly she forgave and how great were her joy and gratitude for the conversion of her beloved child. On the glorious Easter morning they received Holy Communion together and not even on the happy day of her First Communion had Claire's heart been more full of fervor or spiritual joy. Ever since she received the last Sacraments, she had begun to get better, as so often happens after Extreme

Unction, and as she lay back on her pillows that afternoon with her hand in her mother's, and gazed with a happy smile at the fragrant lilies beside her, she said, gently:

"Mother, I feel as if I should get well again, after all, and if I do we shall go back to the dear little old home and the flowers, wont we? and, please God, all my life shall be given up to trying to atone for my past years of sinfulness, by working in some way for the glory of God and salvation of souls."

"God grant it may be so, dearest," said her mother tenderly kissing her. "I feel too that my life will not be too long to prove to God my gratitude for the happiness He has granted me these last few days. My heart is just brim full of thankfulness."

And there was another heart whose cup of joy seemed to overflow that Easter day, and that was Monica's, in spite of the fact that she wore her last year's hat, or rather because of that fact and of the unselfishness which had made her give up her own pleasure for the sake of a poor unknown sufferer. For God, who never lets Himself be outdone in generosity, rewarded her a thousand-fold, and that Easter always stood out in her life as one of its most gloriously happy days, a foretaste of the eternal joy of God's beloved.

How precious a thing, how marvelous, how health-giving, how furnished with all dainties, is the supper (of the Lord).... Therein it cometh to pass that bread and wine are bread and wine no more, but instead thereof there is the Body and there is the Blood of Christ; that is to say, Christ Himself, perfect God and perfect man, is there under the appearance of a little bread and wine.—St. Thomas.

The Sacred Heart

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

O Sacred Heart, transpierced full long ago
By soldier's lance on Calvary's dark day,
How oft my will, by pleasure led astray,
Has played the role of Thy remorseless foe!
How oft my lance of sin has caused to flow
Thy Precious Blood! Ah, who shall e'er portray
My baseness thus to spurn Thy loving sway,
Or who the depths of Thy vast mercy know!

For Thou dost overlook my traitor deed,
And gently woo me to Thy love once more:
Doth she, my Mother, for my pardon plead,
That Thou dost willingly my past ignore?
O Son and Mother, teach me now the art
To glorify for aye the Sacred Heart.

The Miraculous Cures of Lourdes

P. JOSEPH KREUTER, O. S. B.

(Concluded)

NOT all physicians and medical men believe in the miracles of Lourdes. How then do they explain away the overwhelming evidence of facts? Being materialists, they resort to natural explanations: faith can effect cures, suggestion can heal almost all manner of disease, etc. Of course they must in many instances distort the facts to make their theories appear plausible, and they scruple not in the least to do so, in spite of the fact that numerous complete cures are as incontestably established as the disease was previously certain, and may, in many instances, be studied even without doctors in the very subjects of the cures or ascertained from their relatives and friends.

Much has been written on the healing powers of the water of Lourdes, but for many years the greater number of cures occur during the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament, not in the piscina or pond. This fact has confirmed some doubters of the miracles in their belief that the cures are effected by faith, enthusiasm, or auto-suggestion. The extraordinary excitement of so many pilgrims in the procession, their fervent prayers and hymns, the cures actually effected, may stir the souls of the infirm to such a degree, that some ailments, especially of the nervous system, are healed.

We may even concede that many of the cures of Lourdes are actually effected in that way. But there are not a few that defy all natural explanation, that cannot be brought about by any suggestion or even the strongest emotions. There are cures on record of persons who are not at all susceptible to suggestive influence, as little children, or adults so weakened by disease, so near to death's door, that they are entirely indifferent to their surroundings, at times also the cure occurs but gradually and at a period when enthusiasm has died down altogether.

Moreover, when we consider the diseases themselves that are cured, we cannot but admit that natural explanations simply do not explain all the cures. Not infrequently long standing lung diseases are healed, even in their last stages; the lungs in some cases, for instance, were almost entirely destroyed by germ activity. Such diseases of long standing in advanced stages are easily diagnosed by competent physicians; the germs can be detected and located; the extent of the affection may be determined. Thus the

cures of these ailments give the lie to the statements of materialists, who resort to natural explanations. In such cases, suggestion is ineffective, the diagnosis of the trouble is absolutely true. Suggestion or a burst of enthusiasm is unable to kill the microbes or to obliterate the tubercular cavities.

There is still another group of cures wrought at Lourdes, which must be acknowledged as miracles even by the rank unbeliever who distrusts the statement of competent physicians and accepts as true only what he has seen with his own eyes. Deep, gaping wounds, visible to all, tuberculosis of the bones, cancer in various stages, have been instantly cured in many instances without leaving even as much as a trace behind. Peter de Rudder of a Flemish family, for example, for eight years suffered from a deep festering wound on the leg and in the Lourdes grotto at Oastacker was instantly cured. This miracle created such a stir in medical circles that thirty doctors came to his house to investigate the cure. Rev. Erich Wasman, the famous Jesuit scientist, gives an authentic and minute account of this wonderful occurrence in *Die Laacher Stimmen*, 1900.

Emily Chagnon of Poitiers, suffered from tuberculosis of the bone; she had a deep festering wound and tubercular inflammation of the joints. The girl was unable to stand or walk and was so weak that she had to be let down into the piscina at Lourdes. But a few minutes after this first immersion she arose without further help from her attendants and no longer showed a trace of her wounds; all her complicated troubles had disappeared completely; the wound had given place to a solid scar, and the tubercular and movable bone, which for years was visible as a purple line under the skin, assumed a healthy appearance, regained its normal rigidity, and was grown to the surrounding parts; the ulcer at the knee was no longer visible, the pain had stopped, the articulation was complete. The girl was able to put on her shoes, which she had not worn for many years, and to walk with ease and comfort. Hundreds of persons were witnesses of this miracle, and the history of the girl's disease is recorded in detail from its inception to the very moment of the cure in the piscina at Lourdes. Since that day the girl has lived constantly under the eyes of the persons who were witnesses of her sickness and of her cure as

well. Doctors also have given their exact findings of the case in writing without any restrictions or reservations. Dr. Dupont, of Poitiers, the attending physician of the girl, who had diagnosed the case as swelling of the joints due to tuberculosis of the bone with festering ulcers, and had given the verdict that an operation was absolutely necessary, gave the following testimony after the sudden cure: "The ulcer, which had a circumference of two centimeters, had disappeared and the remaining scar was entirely solid. In the different parts of the joint no pain was experienced when being pressed." Dr. Gaillard, at Parthenay, who also had treated the same patient for ostitis of the bones of the left leg, and chronic arthritis of the knee, made this deposition: "She is completely cured, and not the least trace of either ailment is noticeable; the wound of the leg shows a solid scar and the knee has the same circumference as the right one."

Many cures of cancer of the tongue, chest, and other parts of the body, were wrought at Lourdes, also of tubercular inflammation of the joints, tuberculosis of the spine, ulcers of the stomach, inflammation of the diaphragm, tubercular peritonitis, etc. The supernatural character of certain cures of eye disease, of deafness and dumbness, of paralysis, nerve troubles, etc., is not so easily proved, but many of these cures, especially those of blindness, have been shown beyond all doubt to lie outside of the sphere of natural forces and must be classed among the great miraculous cures of Lourdes.

Has all this accumulation of evidence no effect upon unbelievers? Do they still persist in their efforts to explain away the supernatural char-

acter of the cures and to account for them on natural grounds? Many of them heretofore have changed their views and work hand in hand with the doctors at Lourdes; many Protestants even have given testimony to the truth; some remain obdurate in the face of all evidence, and ridicule, distort, or even deny the facts; every splinter of an opportunity is eagerly seized upon by them to weaken the faith of the pious Christians in these miracles and to confirm their own minds in their blind unbelief.

The great cures of Lourdes give clearest proofs of the insincerity, or, to say the least, of the shameful inconsistency of modern unbelief. It refuses to believe miracles under the petty pretext that natural science has disproved the possibility of miracles. Science indeed has tried its very best to explain away the supernatural and to discredit even Christ's miracles related in the Gospels. But has it succeeded in its malicious attempts? By no means; it has but proved its own incompetency to understand even many mysteries of nature, its own field of operation; it has not succeeded in hiding its own atheistic nature, which begets a veritable dread of the supernatural. It boasts of explaining all by facts, having discarded all higher doctrine, and at the same time it denies, criticizes and distorts the most evident facts of Lourdes for the sole reason that it may not be compelled to accept the existence and providence of a Higher Being, which has created all nature.

The humble and sincere believer, on the other hand, will examine into the facts of Lourdes and confess: "Indeed here is the hand of God visible in His works."

Places of Worship in Switzerland

MARIE WIDMER

(Continued)

SCHAFFHAUSEN

NORTH of Zurich, near the Falls of the Rhine, lies Schaffhausen, a mediaeval gem of rare charm, often described as the town of oriels, for there is scarcely one old house which has not an architectural ornament of this kind.

The principal place of worship in this city is the Muenster, now the Protestant parish church, a classic structure in the early Romanesque style, dating from the beginning of the 12th century. Although the exterior is plain, the tower pleases the eye by its beautiful proportions and ornamental coloring. The interior also, a flat-roofed

basilica with three naves, on account of its stately proportions and noble peacefulness, makes a powerful impression upon the beholder. The church is a monument of the most flourishing period of the monastery of All Saints, the buildings of which adjoin it to the north and west. This convent, founded by Count Eberhard V, was consecrated in 1052 by Pope Leo IX in person.

The celebrated Muenster bell, cast in 1486, whose motto: "Vivos Voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango," inspired Schiller to write his immortal "Song of the Bell," had to relinquish its duties some years ago, in consequence of a crack, and now reposes as the "Schiller Bell" on a granite pedestal amid appropriate surroundings

between the cloisters and the chapel of St. Anne, at the southern foot of the tower from which for centuries it called the living to devotion, tolled for the dead on their last journey, and broke the power of the thunderbolt.

Another beautiful place of worship in Schaffhausen is the church of St. John, a pure Gothic structure, dating from the 14th and 15th centuries. With a total length of 180 feet and a width of nearly 100 feet, it is one of the largest religious edifices in Switzerland, with exceptional acoustic qualities and a wonderful organ.

THE WILDKIRCHLI

In eastern Switzerland, about 1½ hours above Appenzell, in an interesting and extensive region of caves, which is noted for prehistoric finds, stands the picturesque retreat of the Wildkirchli, whose founder, a priest from Appenzell, erected here in the year 1656 a little hermitage with chapel for himself. In the year 1679 he willed the Wildkirchli to the state of Innerhoden, specifying that it should remain a hermitage forever. Some sixteen hermits lived consecutively in this mountainous solitude, until 1851, when the hermit's dwelling was abandoned as such and transformed into a commodious inn, in order to accommodate the great number of pilgrims and tourists who yearly flock to the hermit's chapel of St. Michael. A memorial tablet in the vicinity also reminds the tourist of the poet Victor von Scheffel, author of "Ekkehard," who completed this well known novel up here in the year 1854.

ST. GALL

Not far distant from the Wildkirchli is St. Gall, the famous embroidery seat of modern days and one of the most influential centres of Christian civilization in central Europe. The city owes its foundation to the Irish apostle Gallus who, in the year 614, founded a hermitage near the brook Steinach. In the monastery of St. Gall, which was consequently built on the spot, the strict rules of the Irish Church were enforced until 720, when the rule of St. Benedict was substituted by abbot Othmar. In 1061, the Abbot Norpert of St. Gall erected a convent on the Sitter river, the place taking the name of Abbatis Cella—Appenzell, and the abbots of St. Gall became a dominant power in the land, until the much oppressed mountaineers subsequently resorted to force and succeeded in shaking off their yoke.*

* Reference is here made to the troublesome times of the early middle ages when king and prince hankered after the possessions of monasteries and bishoprics. They put wordly minded men—petty princes, warriors, courtiers—in charge of abbeys and bishoprics. Through this

The Benedictine Abbey itself was suppressed in 1805 and accommodates now the cantonal offices, the bishop's residence and the famous library, which comprises some 30,000 volumes and a wealth of valuable manuscripts. It prides itself for instance on the celebrated "Psalterium Aureum,"—the Golden Psalter,—so called on account of its golden writings on white parchment; of a Niebelungenlied of the 13th century, of manuscripts relating to Parsifal and other heroes sung by Wagner.

The abbey church, rebuilt in 1756-68 in the Rococo style, is very imposing without and lavishly decorated inside. In addition to the finely carved choir stalls and a beautiful iron choir screen, which form one of the chief attractions of the interior, the organ, the chancel, the lovely frescoes on the ceiling and the church treasury are renowned features of this cathedral.

LUCERNE

Another center of Christianity and one still important in these days is Lucerne, a city of proverbial loveliness, nestling on the mountain-enclosed, fair lake of the Four Forest Cantons—now generally known as "the Lake of Lucerne." In very early days, when mountains, glaciers and torrents were regarded with feelings of awe rather than of admiration, a little group of fishermen's huts stood on the banks of the Reuss. The first event of importance in the history of this settlement was the founding of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Leodegar about the year 735. The ancient church of St. Leodegar is consequently Lucerne's foremost place of worship.

Only the two 75 meter Gothic towers remain of the original edifice which was devastated by a fire in the year 1633. The church, as it stands now, is a masterpiece of German Renaissance. The distinguished splendor of the interior, with its woodcarvings, its frescoes and statues shows that only the very best products of art and artisanship of mediaeval days have been used here for decorative purposes. Lovers of music will also be delighted with the wonderful organ of the church, an instrument with 4950 pipes and a wonderful and unique "vox humana" and a "vox celestis."

Other interesting places of worship are the 17th century Church of St. Xavier with 8 chapels

means discipline vanished, while the revenues were diverted from their proper channels into the coffers of worldlings, who oppressed their subjects. Be it remembered, however, that St. Gall, after it had freed itself from the clutches of the intruders, again became the seat of piety and learning. In the general secularization of monasteries at the beginning of the nineteenth century St. Gall was given over to profane use.—EDITOR.

and several excellent altar-pieces and the pure Gothic, 14th century Franciscan Church, with a handsome Renaissance chapel, artistically carved choir stalls and copies of the banners captured by the Swiss in their glorious battles for freedom. This latter edifice seems to particularly emphasize the strong desire felt by the Christians of the Middle Ages to always express themselves through new architectural styles.

The world famous Kapellbridge and the Kapell-square owe their name to the St. Peter's chapel, a modest structure of curious design which existed already before 1178 and used to serve as a meeting place for the community. Five Paintings by Paul Deschwanden decorate this simple, impressively solemn chapel.

ENGELBERG*

In central Switzerland, too, in a sunlit Alpine valley, where the majestic Titlis, King of the mountains in Unterwalden (Obwalden), stands eternal guard, lies Engelberg, the mount of angels of former days, a gloriously beautiful spot, whose existence is also closely connected with an ecclesiastical foundation. For history tells us that this by nature so lavishly endowed valley was uninhabited by man until the beginning of the 12th century, when Baron Conrad von Seldenbueren came from the canton of Zurich to the valley, seeking a spot on which to establish a

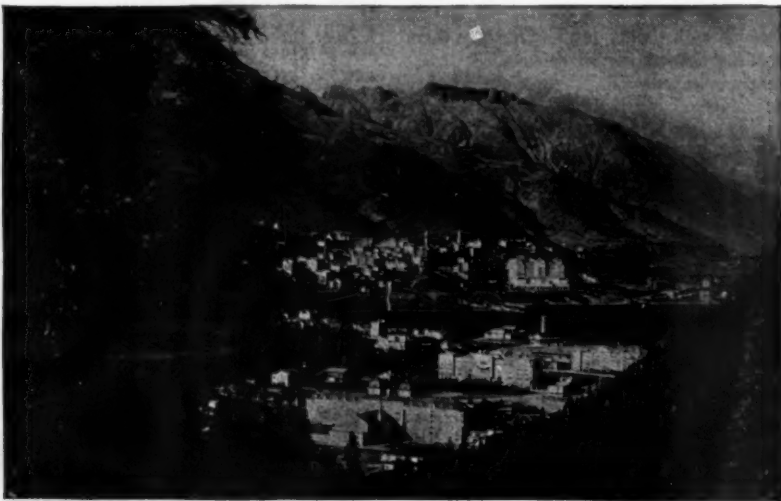
* The flourishing abbeys of Conception in Missouri and Mount Angel in Oregon are American offshoots of the vigorous parent vine at Engelberg.—EDITOR.

religious place of retirement from the world. When he reached the neighborhood in which Engelberg now lies he heard distinctly several times from the mountain the song of angels. To the pious man this was a sign from heaven, that he was to build here the convent which he had planned. Thus arose in 1120 A. D. the monastery of the Mons Angelorum, or Mount of Angels—Engelberg!

The history of the Benedictine abbey is rich in bright and gloomy leaves. Even the pious founder experienced the hardness of fate. As he was undertaking a journey to his home in the interests of the monastery in 1128, he was assassinated. While the pioneer brothers had to concentrate their efforts upon making the land cultivable, the members of the monastery already displayed an inclination for the acquirement of knowledge some 20 years later. This resulted in the founding of the library of the abbey.

The monastery became a prey of the flames three times, i. e., in 1199, 1303 and 1729, and plague, war and famine caused great distress in the first half of the 14th century, especially in the nunnery which had grown up beside the monastery. The nunnery was finally transferred to Sarnen on the Bruenig route, where it still enjoys great esteem and the monastery, with its fine school, which remained in Engelberg, devoted itself successfully, under the guidance of eminent abbots, to the pursuit of literature and science, and poetry and drama were cultivated as well as theology and history. In order to

(Continued on page 370)



ST. MAURICE

The Watchman of the Tower

MARY E. MANNIX

(Adapted from the French of Mme. Julie Lavergne)

Chapter 1

THERE was once a Cathedral, which, though it is still standing, has never recovered the prestige nor beauty it lost during the French Revolution, when it was battle-scarred and partially demolished. Previous to that time it had enjoyed a fame and celebrity second only to those of Amiens, Chartres and Rheims.

In the year 1780 one of the most important functionaries of this Cathedral—albeit in a humble manner, was a watchman named Ferrand. One of his duties was to announce the time in a loud voice from the summit of the clock-tower, from twilight until sunrise. When he called the hours he added these words—

You who sleep, sleep well,
While the hours their passage tell;
You who wakeful vigils keep
Pray for those who cannot sleep.

If a fire should break out in the neighborhood the watchman was immediately summoned to ring the alarm.

The father, grandfather and great-grandfather of Ferrand had also been watchmen; indeed, it was well-established that from the day the tower was finished a Ferrand had inhabited and guarded it.

The one of whom we write had been born in the tower. When quite young he had married a sweet and beautiful young girl, with whom he lived in great affection and harmony for ten years when death terminated their happy union. She left him one child, a boy whom he had so fondly cherished that he had never given his father the slightest cause for anxiety but had become for him an amiable and congenial companion. In spite of this blessing, however, Ferrand never recovered from the loss of his beloved wife.

He seldom left the grounds of the Cathedral nor permitted the boy to do so. Little André grew up alone with his father, seeing no one of his own age except at Catechism, hearing Mass from the gallery which opened from the tower, owning no other book but "The Hours," in which his father had taught him to read and finding his only recreation in cultivating the flowers which grew along the edge of the turret in boxes which his dear mother had placed there. He sought his couch very early in the evening, rising at midnight to replace his father on the tower.

When daylight appeared he descended once more and slept for several hours.

Only one person served as a link of communication between these two isolated beings and the rest of humanity. This was the bell-ringer. His real name had long been forgotten, if anyone had ever known it; every one called him *Père Carillon*. Besides this office he fulfilled that of housekeeper to the Ferrands, fetching them all their provisions and whatever news he could gather during his visits to the world below. He was short, stout and gray, healthy and strong, and delighting in his occupation. From the top of the bell-tower he could overlook the whole city; an unusual stir or gathering in the streets would at once excite his curiosity, and he would make a pretext of needing to buy some household articles to investigate the cause. For the rest, he was faithful to his duties, winding and cleaning the clock, keeping the bells bright and shining, and on Feast Days ringing them with all his might and his whole heart, while he kept the house in the most perfect order and feminine neatness.

Deeply attached to André, whose godfather he was, he would fain have taken him occasionally to walk in the city, but on this point the father was firm; he did not seem able to separate himself from his son for a single hour. And André loved his father so dearly that he had no desire to leave him. Ferrand had taught his son the use of the turning lathe with which he made wooden and ivory figures, and the boy showed a great deal of artistic talent.

One day the child was surprised to hear the bell sound two strokes quite unexpectedly.

"What does that mean, father?" he inquired.

"Probably Maitre Lucas is cleaning the clock," was the reply. "I do not think it means anything but that."

Maitre Lucas was a clock-maker and repairer who came at stated intervals to overhaul the internal machinery.

"May I go down and watch him, father?" asked the boy.

"Yes, go down," rejoined his father. "But ask him to allow you to stay while he works, and be sure you do not touch anything."

André hurried down the winding stairs and soon reached the immense closet in which the machinery was installed. The door was open; with a long-handled brush Maitre Lucas was

cleaning the wheels and in front of him stood two children who seemed much interested in what he was doing. André gazed at them in an ecstasy of surprise and admiration. For a moment he wondered whether they might not be a couple of angels descended from the beautiful stained-glass windows—their hair was so wavy and golden, their eyes so blue and sparkling, their features so exactly alike. They were about six years of age, dressed in soft garments of light blue of the same color, though one was clothed as a boy, the other like a girl. Evidently they were not only brother and sister but also twins.

The girl was the first to perceive the astonished visitor.

"Papa!" she exclaimed, "here is a little boy wants to see you."

Maitre Lucas turned around and asked of André, "Were you looking for me, my child?"

André replied in an embarrassed tone, "Yes, sir. I heard the bell and asked my father to let me come down and see what was the reason. He said he thought Maitre Lucas must be cleaning the clock."

"And so I was," replied Maitre Lucas. "I know your father very well; I was just about to go up with my children and pay him a little visit. Wait a moment, I have just about finished and we can all go up together."

After putting a little oil here and there throughout the machinery he rose, he placed his tools in a bag and closing the shutters around the clock to protect it from dust, he said,

"Come now, children, we will go up still higher."

In great good humor they followed André till they reached the platform which surrounded the top of the tower. But the children were disappointed. The barriers around it were too high for their little heads to reach; they could see nothing of the fine view stretched out for miles beneath them. At this moment Ferrand came forward, saluted the clock-maker, and told André to get a couple of stools upon which the children could stand to view the scene below them. The boy hastened to do so, and standing beside them, one on either hand, he enumerated the different spots which claimed their attention. While they thus amused themselves the clock-maker and the watchman chatted in the background.

The view from this elevated position was really wonderful; the children were filled with admiration.

"What is that beautiful house over yonder?" asked Louise. "It is built of red brick and has a pretty little clock tower."

"It is the Convent of the Daughters of Mary; they call it the 'Visitation.'"

"And right near it—what is that garden with

the queer, pretty little houses and crosses scattered all around?"

"That is the cemetery, my mother lies there," replied André.

"And why are you not there, too?" inquired Louis. "I live with my father."

"My mother is dead, but I am still alive," rejoined André. "I could not live in a tomb, you know."

"Why did you let your mother die?" asked the child. "I would not allow mine to do it. I do not want her either to lie in a tomb or fly away to be an angel."

"Hush, Louis!" said his sister. "Don't you see that you are making the tears come to André's eyes? You are a little rogue."

"How did you know my name?" inquired André, taking the handkerchief she offered, and wiping his eyes.

"I heard your father call you André," replied Louise. "I will tell you something. Come with us and our mother shall be yours."

André smiled but shook his head. "I love my father, I could not leave him," he said. "But I thank you very much, and I will give you my mill."

He left them, went into his room and returned with a beautiful little miniature mill and placed it between two stones of the balustrade. The mill began to turn and Louise clapped her hands joyfully.

"It will belong to Louis also, will it not?" she asked turning to André, while Louis, close to her side, regarded it wistfully.

"Of course, of course," replied the boy. "Just as you say."

At this moment Maitre Lucas approached the group.

"You seem to be enjoying yourselves," he said. "Have you located our house? No? I told maman I would wave to her from the parapet. Look down there, just behind my finger, near the river. Do you see a white house?"

"Oh, Papa, that is not ours!" exclaimed Louis. "Ours is much larger."

While the child was speaking Ferrand approached with a strong glass which he arranged on a wooden stand. "Now look," he said.

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Louis. "It is our house. I see it. I see the garden; I see maman."

Maitre Lucas waved his white handkerchief.

"Maman is waving her handkerchief now," exclaimed the little boy. "She has seen us. Hello! Maman!"

It was now Louise's turn, and then André's. The three children were so delighted that they did not want to leave the parapet. But Maitre Lucas told them it was time to go, and turning to Ferrand added,

"I am going to ask you a favor, my friend. Permit André to accompany us to our house. It will be a little diversion for him. I want him to know my wife and he can arrange the mill for the children in some spot where it will be permanent and have the most favorable wind. He will know all about that."

Almost to his own surprise the watchman gave the desired permission without hesitation. At the bottom of the staircase they met *Père Corillon*, who drew the clock-maker aside.

"That is a good work you are doing," he whispered, "giving that poor child some recreation. And I assure you that you will not regret it. He is a good, amiable, and honest little boy."

When they reached the white house and entered the garden André was greeted from without by the songs of many birds and from within, through the open doorway, by the voices of many children. The Lucases had eight, ranging in age from two to fifteen. Madame Lucas was a lace-maker, employing a dozen workwomen.

They entered the dining-room by a door leading from the garden, and found her presiding over a long white table surrounded by her brood, to whom she was distributing huge slices of bread and butter—supplementing each with a bunch of grapes.

"It is lunch time," said Maître Lucas. "Mother," he continued, "I have brought you a visitor, Andre Ferrand."

"You are welcome, my child," said the kind woman taking his hand. "Come, sit down and have a bite to eat with us."

André obeyed, a little shyly.

"I knew your mother," continued Madame Lucas. "She was a fine woman. I ought to have paid more attention to you since her death, but I have so many children and so much to do that I have neglected everything else."

At this moment Jean, who had been André's companion on his First Communion Day, came and sat beside him, thus making him feel more at home.

When luncheon was over Mme. Lucas sent them all into the garden with the exception of the two older girls whom she retained to help her. The joyous band ran hither and thither, shouting and laughing. The mill was produced, placed in position, and afforded them a good deal of amusement. At two o'clock Mme. Lucas came to the door and clapped her hands. The boys returned to the workroom, the girls to their household duties, and Louis and Louise, taking their primer, seated themselves on a couple of little benches at their mother's feet.

André saw that it was time for him to take his leave and, approaching Mme. Lucas, said,

"I will bid you good-bye now, Madame. My father will be expecting me. I have never been so long away from him before."

"Have you enjoyed yourself, my child?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, Madame. I have never in all my life enjoyed myself so well."

"Well, then, you must come to see us again, and come often; my husband has written a note which we would like you to take to your father, asking him to let you come to us on Sunday after Vespers to play with the children. Adieu, my child."

She offered him her hand; he bent to kiss it but she rose and clasped him in her motherly arms. After having said good-bye to Maître Lucas André hastened homeward.

His father read the note and showed it to the bell-ringer.

"What do you think, *Père Carllon*?" he inquired, "Will it not be a good thing to permit the boy to associate now and then with the Lucas children?"

"The best thing that could happen," answered the old man: "They are fine people, you need have no fears when he is with them. It is a bad thing to keep young souls entirely apart from their own kind. And in the event of anything happening to you it would be well for the child to have some friends."

"I agree with you," replied Ferrand. "I will let him go."

During the remainder of the week André's thoughts strayed very often to the white house in the Rue L—. He asked his father to let him have the glass and every afternoon after luncheon he would watch the happy children playing in the garden where the grass was so green and the flowers so beautiful that it seemed to him like Paradise.

When Sunday came he realized the dream which had possessed his soul since his first visit and this time he was even happier than before, because he felt better acquainted. The next Sunday it was the same and for several years, when the weather permitted, with each succeeding week those joyous hours were renewed, uplifting the soul and lightening the heart of the young dweller in the tower.

(To be continued)

The Tree of Life

J. A. Y.

A seed fell from the tree of life,
Which through the ages grew
Till on the crest of Calvary
It bore its fruit anew.

The World's Greatest Tragedy

THE greatest tragedy that the world has ever witnessed was enacted in the year 33 at Jerusalem. The climax of this tragedy was reached at noon on Good Friday—the first of that name—when the Hero, after untold sufferings and cruelties, was barbarously nailed to the heavy cross under which He had with the greatest difficulty slowly and painfully toiled up Mount Calvary. Wrapped in total darkness, mid thunder crash and lightning flash and quake of earth, in agony He expired, but not before He had lovingly forgiven the perpetrators of so foul a deed, so heinous a crime: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." With these touching words on His dying lips, the gentle Jesus breathed forth His soul on that memorable first Good Friday, the saddest of all time.

In the last week of Lent, the season that we devote to penance by fasting, mortification of the senses, and prayer, the Church, in her sacred liturgy, portrays most vividly what the Savior has endured to atone for our offenses and to effect our salvation.

Complying, then, with the wishes of the Church, the Spouse of Christ, this last week of Lent, as celebrated at St. Meinrad, is replete with most solemn and soul-stirring ceremonies. In order to appreciate the beautiful and significant rites of the Church, one must see them. A written description can at best convey only a very faint idea of what Holy Week really is. There are exceptionally few places in the United States where all the ceremonies of the ritual are carried out in detail as in the Abbey Church at St. Meinrad.

Palm Sunday (on March 28th this year) opens the week with the blessing and the distribution of palms, a ceremony that is performed at the throne in the sanctuary by the Rt. Rev. Abbot who is vested in pontifical robes. An open-air procession of clergy and people then winds its way over the grounds and returns to the Church. At the Passion, during the Mass, three priests in the sanctuary, and the seminary choir in the gallery, impersonating the individuals and rabble, that occur in the Gospel narrative, sing the words of the sacred text. The same ceremonies are observed at the singing of the Passion on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings the office of Matins and Lauds is chanted in part and sung in part. How beautiful and full of meaning is the office, how touching the Lamentations, not screeched by soaring sopranos, but in the plaintive, dignified, majestic chant.

The Holy Thursday Mass is a commemoration

of the institution of the Holy Eucharist at the last supper. The Rt. Rev. Abbot pontificates at the only Mass of the day. Each of the priests present, vested in stole, receives Holy Communion from his hands. To see a whole community—priests, clerics, brothers, seminarians, all receiving Holy Communion at one Mass is an edifying sight. At the same time the pastor distributes Holy Communion to nearly all the members of his flock. The Mass being over and the Blessed Sacrament having been carried to another altar, Vespers are chanted and then follows the *Mandatum* (whence *Maundy Thursday*) or the "washing of the feet," a church ceremony seldom seen in our country. Following the rites laid down for this ceremony, the Rt. Rev. Abbot washes, wipes, and kisses the right foot of each of the thirteen students who are seated in the sanctuary for the purpose. To wash the feet of guests and strangers on their arrival was, in ancient times, considered a mark of high esteem.

How sad and gloomy are the services on Good Friday, the day of Savior's death on Calvary, where Jesus our love was crucified. Again the Rt. Rev. Abbot is the celebrant of the solemn ceremonies. In the Mass of the Presanctified, as it is called, all men, including the Jews, are prayed for; the cross is bared and venerated. First the celebrant, then his assistants, followed by the community, all in stocking feet, reverently approach the place where the crucifix is laid to be venerated. In the meantime the congregation are manifesting their reverence at the communion rail. In the afternoon at three there is a sermon which is followed by the "Way of the Cross." The priest who makes the round of the stations is accompanied by a number of servers each carrying an instrument of the Passion: the nails, the spear, the sponge, and the rest.

On Holy Saturday the pastor, who is celebrant, begins by blessing the new fire, while the deacon blesses the Paschal Candle. The prophecies are sung, holy water and baptismal water are blessed, the litany of All Saints is sung, then follows the glorious Mass of Holy Saturday, the Mass of the Resurrection. At the *Gloria in excelsis* all the bells ring out joyously and rich melody bursts forth from the great organ. At the Offertory a young white lamb is brought into the sanctuary in a gaily decorated basket to be blessed by the Rt. Rev. Abbot who assists at Mass from the throne. Vespers, the shortest in the year, form a part of the Mass after the Communion.

Easter Sunday, the anniversary of the glorious

(Continued on page 370)

Father Fintan Wiederkehr, O. S. B.

WITH a promise of further particulars in the April number, the March issue of THE GRAIL briefly chronicled the death of Father Fintan Wiederkehr, O. S. B., who died on Friday, Feb. 13th. Realizing that death was near, he renewed his vows and with perfect resignation to the holy will of God devoutly received the Last Sacraments from the hands of Father John Schorno, O. S. B., pastor of the parish church at Ferdinand. He was conscious to the last. As death drew near he held in one hand a lighted candle (the so-called "death candle"—typical of the wise virgins who stood with lighted lamps in their hands waiting for the bridegroom to come) and a crucifix in the other. Shortly after 3 p. m., the day and the hour of the Savior's death, without any assistance from those at his bedside, he kissed the crucifix and expired with the holy name of Jesus on his lips. His was truly an edifying death. On the following morning Father John celebrated a Requiem in the Convent Church. The remains were then brought to St. Meinrad, where the burial took place. The Rt. Rev. Abbot celebrated a Pontifical Requiem. Priests of the community were active pallbearers.

Besides some distant relatives at St. Meinrad, Father Fintan leaves two sisters and three brothers in New Jersey, and a niece, Sister Alberta, O. S. B., in the convent at Ferdinand.

Father Fintan was born at Dietikon, Switzerland, August 10, 1863. With the intention of fitting himself for the priesthood, he took up the classical course of studies with the Benedictines at Einsiedeln in his native land. In 1881 the Wiederkehr family came to America and in the fall of that year Benedict came to St. Meinrad where the Rt. Rev. Fintan Mundwiler, O. S. B., a relative, was abbot at the time. Having finished the classical course at the College and wishing to affiliate himself with the Order, he was received into the novitiate in 1883. On July 20th, 1884, he was professed under the name of Fintan.

In the early days southern Indiana was full of malaria. Fr. Fintan was afflicted with the disease which greatly weakened his constitution. In the hope that the bracing air of the western prairies might restore his shattered health, he was sent by his superiors in 1885 to his brethren who were laboring among the Dakota Indians. Having regained his strength and completed his theological studies, he was ordained at Fort Totten, N. D., on June 9, 1887, by the Rt. Rev. Martin Marty, O. S. B. He entered at once upon a career

as missionary among the Sioux, whose difficult language he soon acquired.

In 1889 Father Fintan was sent to the mission at Stephan, S. D., to assist his confreres, Fathers Pius and Ambrose, O. S. B. Besides looking after the spiritual wants of the Benedictine Sisters attached to the mission, he took charge of the Indians of the Crow Creek, Lower Brule, and Cheyenne Agencies. At the last named place he "set up his tepee" in 1896 and remained there till 1901, when ill health—due to a great extent to the hardships of primitive missionary life, but no doubt principally to the difficulties caused by an unfortunate priest who had fallen away and who made life almost unbearable for him—compelled him to give up his cherished work. Returning to Indiana in the summer of 1901, he was, in October, appointed chaplain to the motherhouse of the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand. This office, which he held up to the time of his death, he filled most conscientiously. During his administration as chaplain an academy building was erected, likewise the beautiful romanesque convent church that would be an ornament to any city in the land.

Very meager are the details that we have of good Father Fintan's missionary life. He endured great hardships, had to drive long distances on the almost boundless uninhabited prairies—an Indian settlement is here today and tomorrow it is no more, for they have pulled up stakes and gone. When "on the road" of the trackless prairies he often celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with no other roof over him than the great dome of the heavens. His Church was soon in October, appointed chaplain to the motherhouse and spreading out the altar cloths, he was ready for the solemn ceremony. There were also great dangers to be encountered in crossing swollen streams, especially the Missouri River, the Big Muddy, a treacherous stream that has swallowed up many a luckless wayfarer. Several winters ago it opened its mighty jaws and engulfed a team and buggy that was conveying one of our missionaries across on the ice. It was the missionary's good fortune, or should we not say that it was the helping hand of his Guardian Angel that rescued him from a watery grave.

The Indians loved Father Fintan and still cherish his memory. The writer recalls that, when some fifteen years ago he was on a visit to the mission at Stephan, the Indians inquired after Father Fintan. One Indian, whom we met,

had named his baby "Pa Fintan." (The "f" sound seems to be foreign to the Sioux.)

Complying with the Apostle's injunction, Father Fintan was all to all so as to win all to Christ. Yet there is one thing in which he did not become one with the Indian. He found it too repulsive to his nature to partake with them of their favorite rarebit—stewed dog. On one occasion, however, through misrepresentation, they served him with choice stew, which he relished. Upon being informed that he had really feasted upon "bow wow," he had to withdraw to relieve his repugnance.

Since his return to Indiana, Father Fintan's thoughts often wandered back to his Indians, whose conversion he had so much at heart and for whom he had endured so much. Even in his delirium just before he died he was talking to them in their own tongue, hearing their confessions and giving them absolution.

We close our brief sketch with a letter from one of Father Fintan's former fellow missionaries.

Fort Totten, N. D., March 1, 1920.

My dear Father Benedict:—

While I concede to no one living a higher esteem than is my good fortune to possess for our good Father Fintan of sacred memory, in asking me to furnish a worthy appreciation of him you have tasked me with the impossible.

His deeds and sacrifices are indelibly engraved on imperishable tablets in heavenly archives never to be exposed to the vulgar gaze of humans yet in the bonds of flesh. In his sphere of missionary activity hardships, sacrifices, heroic battles against most adverse circumstances were such commonplaces with him that hardly were his victories won than they were forgotten. Hence had you anticipated his death with an effort to draw from him some account of his missionary labors his response would have been a very prosaic statement of generalities.

Father Fintan, like his contemporary, Father Bede Marty, O. S. B., was exaltedly humble, unassuming, patient; but withal gifted with a zeal comparable with the best chronicled in the annals of Catholic missions of all times. To him the soul of the humblest Indian, like that of his more fortunate white brother, was a living temple of God's creation worthy of the missionary's noblest effort. His life among the Indians voiced the epigram "I am my brother's keeper," and he was faithful to the trust. I dare affirm that the greatest cross he was called upon to bear was placed upon his shoulders when he was forced by ill health to tear himself away from his spiritual children of the plains.

Father Fintan's name is deeply carved in the hearts of the Sioux along with those of his Benedictine confreres, Bishop Marty, Father Bede and Father Martin, and of Fathers DeSmet, Bosch and Perig of the Society of Jesus.

I esteem it a happy privilege to have known Father Fintan, to be his confrere and to have been his associate on the missions. With pardonable pride may our community cherish the memo-

ry of conquests credited to his zeal. He has bequeathed to his order a legacy of achievement expressing in concrete form what Bishop Marty once tersely stated in a letter to the writer: "St. Benedict's spirit saw in these missions his vocation and glory."

One who knew and loved him.

The World's Greatest Tragedy

(Continued from page 368)

resurrection of Christ from the dead, is a day of great rejoicing. The divine office and the Mass, with their numerous *allelujas*, proclaim in glad-some strains the joy of heaven and earth. The crowning event of the morning is the pontifical High Mass. If Easter on earth is so joyful, how happy must not Easter be in Heaven?

As we contemplated our Savior in His humiliation, accompanied Him in His degradation and suffering, and grieved with Him in His bitter agony and death, it is fitting that we should rejoice with Him in the glory of His resurrection.

HAPPY EASTER!

Places of Worship in Switzerland

(Continued from page 364)

assist the inhabitants to a steady source of income, the abbots also introduced the silk-weaving industry in Engelberg.

The Convent building itself occupies considerable space at the end of the village. It is not generally open to the public, but men of learning are occasionally permitted to visit its spacious, solemn halls, its guest room, with a portrait gallery of the abbots who have helped to shape the destiny of the foundation, and the simple but comfortable cells, with their high, bright windows, where the monks indulge undisturbed in their love of learning.

An exceptionally rich library and large collections of coins, objects of natural history, parchments and products of ancient artistic work have become a noteworthy feature of the monastery.

The church is a spacious, dignified edifice, with the high altar adorned by a beautiful picture of the Ascension of the Virgin Mary by Spiegler (1734). The numerous side altars show fine paintings by Deschwanden, Kaiser and Wyrch.

A brief survey of the extensive administrative and farming departments of the abbey suffices to indicate that the Monastery of Engelberg is not only a centre of religious devotion and science, but also a model agricultural enterprise.

(To be continued)

The Sacrament of the Eucharist is the antidote by which we are freed from daily faults and preserved from mortal sin.—Council of Trent.



THE SACRED HEART FOR THE WORLD — THE WORLD FOR THE SACRED HEART

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

A GENEROUS GIFT

The illustrated lecture on the African Missions was borrowed recently by the Rev. Henry Pieper, pastor of St. William's Church, Louisville, Ky., to be shown to the members of his parish. The young equally with the grown people enjoyed the entertainment. In order to express their appreciation of the lecture and their friendship for the foreign missions, they decided to make a substantial gift to be forwarded to some missionary priest in the "Field Afar."

A thirty dollar check came to our unit from this zealous parish accompanied by a letter from the parochial grade-school children telling to what purpose they wished the donation put. The money was straightway sent, together with several smaller donations, to Father Francis Ford, one of our American Maryknoll missionaries laboring among the natives of Yungkong, China. In the name of Father Ford we wish to thank both the generous children and grown people of St. William's parish.

We would suggest that the pupils of St. William's school affiliate with some children's missionary organization such as the Association of the Holy Childhood. The splendid missionary interest and zeal of these pupils can be kept aglow by such little magazines as "The Little Missionary," which is published at Techny, Ill., or by the "Annals of the Holy Childhood," the official organ of the Holy Childhood Association.

At the present time the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is restricting its membership to students in seminaries, colleges, academies, and high schools. Although anxious to enlist even the pupils of our parochial schools in the great work of the missions as members of the Crusade, the officials of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade have judged it best to place these smaller pupils under the capable direction of already existing children's missionary societies.

OUR LECTURE PROGRAM

The routing of illustrated lectures on the missions throughout the various dioceses of the Province, is one of the ways adopted by this unit in furthering and promoting education to the mission cause. As the object of the Crusade's existence, is none other than to awaken an interest in, a knowledge of, and, finally, a sympathy for, the missions, home and foreign, the mission bureau of this unit recognizes that its lecture program is among the most suitable means to accomplish its objective.

Our work has been much facilitated by routing only one lecture within a diocese until it has completed its circuit. Then this lecture will pass on to another diocese, and then another, till we

hope to have reached, finally, all the institutions within each of the eleven dioceses. At present, all our lectures are on the road. Probably four more can be added before the end of this school year, and then our list will consist of eight complete illustrated lectures.

Requests for these lectures and the stereopticon slides accompanying them have poured in in great numbers. We are endeavoring, to the limit of our ability, to fill these demands as soon as possible, along the ways and means above indicated. Our efforts in doing this have been and are well repaid by the gratitude, appreciation, and thankful good-will manifested wherever these lectures were shown.

A WORTHY INSPIRATION

A splendid example of active zeal and energy in behalf of the missions was brought to our notice some time ago when news reached us that the students of the Pontifical College Josephinum had staged a musical concert, the proceeds of which were collected for the Chinese Missions. The enterprise was extensively advertised to insure success. When the day of the concert came, a large attendance was registered. A counting of the net receipts confirmed the student body in the lofty hopes that they had entertained. They were enabled to send to the Vicar Apostolic in South Shantung a sum of \$350.00.

It is a significant coincidence that the glorious first-fruits of this seminary in the way of pecuniary help should be set at the disposal of a missionary bishop, with whose staff of workers are connected Frates Clarke and King, S. V. D., the very founders of the Crusade. Surely, this is a grand reward for them. They now experience in their own persons the beneficial results of their tireless and struggling efforts in the past. In their ardent desire to help God's priests in the foreign missions, they have themselves become the happy victims of true missionary charity. God, the lover of souls, has guided and directed their steps in His fatherly wisdom. In all fervor and truth do we admire and praise the wisdom of God in tendering His kind gifts to His servants. "She (Wisdom) reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly."—Wisdom 8:1.

THE FIRST PROVINCIAL BULLETIN

The first Bulletin of the Cincinnati District Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, held at Jasper, Ind., was printed for free distribution throughout the Province. The lateness of its appearance is due to a greater complexity of unforeseen causes of hindrances and obstructions than could have been appre-

hended by any prudent investigation. Still our hopes are strong. The bulletin found its way into the various institutions of learning in a season when heart and mind are susceptible of favorable and salutary impressions.

Within this bulletin is given a short summary of the important questions discussed at the Conference. The Crusade's aim, organization, and operation are all clearly delineated in the several papers which are given in extract form. The activities of the Crusade Units are lucidly explained and the scope of their activity is definitely outlined. Whosoever reads the pages of this bulletin with a spirit of devotion to the mission cause, will, at the end of its perusal, experience a new thrill and an increased love for mission work.

Over 1000 copies were printed to be distributed gratis. They were sent to all the Catholic universities, seminaries, colleges, academies, and high schools of this ecclesiastical Province. A circular letter soliciting affiliation with the Crusade movement accompanied it. The invitation thus extended is not without foundation. The privileges and prerogatives of being a Crusader are too precious to remain the property of the few. It is devoutly to be hoped that this effort on the part of the Crusade will arouse and awaken sympathy and zeal, and stimulate the energy of all whom it reaches. There is no work on earth so divine as that of cooperating with God in the salvation of souls. There is no task so joyous as that of doing good to others. There is no need so pressing as that of bringing all to a knowledge of Christ.

The obligation is too insistent to be disregarded. If you, young men and young women of our colleges and academies, are seeking for a method by which you can crystallize your constant and fervent aspirations into solid and useful activity in behalf of God's Kingdom on earth, the Crusade is prepared to offer you a splendid means. It is the *Students' Crusade*. The duty is incumbent upon us not to weary in our enterprise until its spirit has filled the length and breadth of the land. Then we shall begin to realize what a well-organized student-body can accomplish for the reign of Christ in the hearts of men.

PRAYER FIRST

Recently very much has been said and done to effect a centralization and unification of energy spent in behalf of mission support. Numerous have been the schemes and plans so thoughtfully elaborated, and great the objective that has been set. The army of workers in the field must be doubled and trebled; funds must be raised that can be counted by the millions; money must be sent, churches built, schools erected, hospitals constructed, and orphanages established. All this lies within the prospect of accomplishment.

Statistics are cited, and at the mention of them Catholic America sees what an enormous gap still remains to be filled out, what a yawning chasm is to be bridged over, if her share contributed to mission support shall equal in proportion that of European Catholics. She wonders at her own insignificant endeavors, at her own meager achievements.

But now the resolution stands firm and unshakable: "More men and more money! No longer

a hanging back, no more of past apathy and unconcern! Henceforward the missions will claim the first demands of her generosity and benevolence!"

This sudden spurt of enthusiasm, this seasonable outbreak of sympathy and sacrifice is all very desirable. It needs encouragement. To smother its glowing zeal would be the mark of an ignoble heart. Yet, with all our lofty and glorious aspirations, let us guard against minimizing the untold efficacy of prayer. If a proof of its potency were needed, a host of sacred texts could be adduced. But we deem it sufficient to remark that we must never regard prayer as one of the subsidiary means of conquering the world for Christ.

If the truths of Christ are heralded by an army of preachers and if the churches, schools, hospitals, orphanages, asylums, and charitable institutions dotted throughout the land bespeak most favorably the glorious attributes of the one, true, and holy, Church, it is still highly impossible that all this vast expenditure of exertion can prove really fruitful, unless the prayer of some fervent soul implore upon that pagan man or that heathen woman, the grace of conversion. We can not persuade ourselves to the contrary. The conversion of a soul is the work of God, not of man. Man can only prepare and dispose the soul. This he does when he enlightens the intellect, but then,—then follows the work of which man is incapable,—God must move the will.

The thought, therefore, of the absolute and uncompromising necessity of humble, but trustful prayer, will ever be uppermost in our minds and hearts when we work for the missions. With God we begin, with Him we continue our work, and with His assistance only can we carry it to a blessed consummation.

A Chinese Jesuit

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR:

Will you, in your charity, insert a notice of my appeal in your valuable paper? I am a native Chinese, and the first, out of a population of two hundred million people in Southern China, to become a Jesuit priest. My father's family was among the converts of the first Jesuit missionaries in China, and for ten generations kept the faith through many trials and persecutions; one great uncle being a martyr for the faith.

The Mission of Shiu-Hing, to which I belong, can no longer, as formerly, look for support to Europe, now impoverished by the war, and, in our helplessness, we are stretching out our hands to generous America lest this fertile vineyard of the Lord should have to be abandoned.

I will gladly send to any of your readers who will forward their address to me at 801 West 181st Street, New York, a small booklet telling more about this mission. Those who will take an interest in it will have the gratitude and prayers of the Fathers, and will have strong advocates in heaven in the Chinese children who, through them, will have secured a place in paradise.

Gratefully your brother in the faith,
PETER CHAN, S. J.

Secular Oblates of St. Benedict

REV. HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.

The Oblate and Holy Mass

(After Abbot Gueranger)

Speaking of the Catholic's reverence for authority, the venerable Abbot continues: "The Holy Church being, for all the faithful, the mother, apart from whom they could not have God for their Father, they will be careful to imbue themselves with her spirit, and to be in all things of one mind with her. Hence, seeing that she is built on Peter, the Rock, whereon she was founded by her Divine Head, they will honor the Roman Pontiff, the successor of Peter, as the infallible Vicar of Christ upon earth, Doctor and Pastor of the whole Church of God, the divinely-appointed source of spiritual authority and of the power of the keys. For their lawful Bishop they will have the respect and submission due to the higher members of the sacred Hierarchy; they will regard as a work most pleasing to God, to aid in giving to His Church ministers who are able teachers of her doctrine, zealous for the Kingdom of Christ, and for the sanctification of souls."

It is not in the first place a man whom we reverence and obey when we bow before the Pope or our Bishop, or in fact any others of spiritual authority over us. No, we bow to God Who is in them. For Christ said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me." By these words our Savior tells us that whenever we humble ourselves and listen to the admonitions or desires of our spiritual authorities, we in reality listen to God Himself. And even though, as men, these wielders of the divine prerogatives should make a mistake and desire something which God Himself did not desire, our obedience and reverence would be rewarded just the same. For God did not promise us His rewards for never making a mistake, but for doing what is good and pleasing in His sight. It is only when authorities desire something of us which is without doubt a sin, that we then set a limit to our obedience toward them. For God always comes first!

In the second place Abbot Gueranger mentions the attitude which Catholics should have toward vocations. We mean by the term "vocation"—as generally understood—a call to a higher state of life, such as the holy priesthood or the religious state. God oversees everything in this world. He knows what is best for everyone; and He knows this moreover before anyone else does. It is therefore no uncommon occurrence for Him to whisper into a child's heart and inspire it even in the earliest years with a desire for something higher. Parents should be very careful in this regard, and not consider themselves over God. They are indeed the possessors of their children and have a right as parents to guide them as they see fit; but they must remember that those children are not theirs by absolute right, but only by relative right, that is, they have not themselves created those souls and bodies, but have only been the instruments in the hands of God

whereby He created them. Therefore, absolutely speaking, those children belong in the first place to God, and if He wishes to guide them into a higher calling, it is injustice and temerity in parents to resist His Will!

But why should we have to warn and speak so strongly? Catholic parents ought to be glad if God so favors their offspring. Is it not a great privilege to have someone in the family who is raised to a great dignity? But spiritual dignities are even higher (before God) than earthly dignities. Moreover, each one of us must find that state in life in which we may be happy; those who are called to live a life in the world, would not fit in a religious order and would consequently be unhappy there; but those on the contrary who are called to live a life as a religious could never be truly happy in the world. Is it right for parents to run the risk of thwarting their children's happiness for life? Is it wise? No, it is neither right nor wise. The true Catholic parent remains in this matter, even as the child itself is supposed to remain, that is, subject in all docility to the holy Will of God. No human reasoning, however acute, can ever approach His omniscience. Hence, if He sees good to instill into the little hearts desires for higher things, let us not choke this vocation, but rather help it to thrive. This is our duty; and it should be a pleasant one!

How magnanimous are some mothers! They give up all their children to God. But how stingy are some others! Although God has blessed them with a large family, they will not give Him so much as one! But the mothers would often be too glad to repay God a little part of their debt to Him; it is often the fathers who resist. Let them look to it! God will require it some day! And if they escape a greater punishment than purgatory, they will at least then long to have someone in a holier state praying for them!

Finally, how selfish is that excuse often brought forward: there are plenty of others. The fact is, dear Christian parents, there are not plenty of others. Even Christ said: "The harvest is indeed great, but the laborers are few." When you come to your deathbed, you will be glad enough to have the priest hurry to your side and bring you the consolations of religion. But remember, there are many who will not have that consolation, all because of the stinginess of some parents toward God, who hold to their children as if they were essential to their own heart-life. When the time comes to marry, they lose those children anyway. But then the world gets them, not God; and often the parents do not even find a shelter under their roofs to comfort their old days!

OBLATE INDULGENCES FOR APRIL

(1) APRIL 21. Solemnity of St. Joseph. Seven quarantines for both the Ordinary and Jubilee Medals.

Notes of General Interest

From the Field of Science

—The airplane record for height has again been raised, Major Schroeder, flying an army plane, had reached the height of 36,020 feet when his supply of oxygen became exhausted and he was rendered unconscious. The self-recording instruments on the plane show that he fell five miles in two minutes before recovering sufficiently to make a safe landing.

—The new giant Zeppelin "Bodensee" can carry fifty passengers besides the crew on its regular trips. It takes four and a half hours for its trip from Berlin to Lake Constance, whilst the train takes fourteen hours.

—The mail carried by airplanes is now enclosed in fireproof sacks. Should the plane take fire, the mail will be saved.

—Nurses entrusted with the care of many patients have difficulty in remembering the many medicines and the hours for administering them. Help is offered by a clock fitted with a revolving table having little compartments. At the striking of the clock, a little door of a compartment opens, showing the medicines that are to be administered at this time.

—War tanks are being used as sight-seeing busses in the French Alps.

—In the recent air race from London to Australia, one contestant was disabled by a huge vulture. The bird charged directly into the propeller and disabled the machine.

—A noted scientist, Peter Cooper Hewitt, inventor of the mercury vapor electric lamp, recommends flying after the plan Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century said he would adopt if he had the power. This plan is to use a helicopter. A helicopter is a propeller that revolves horizontally, thus *lifting* the machine into the air, and then changing obliquely to obtain both lift and propulsion. Elaborate tests were conducted during the war with various models and very striking advances have been made, but so far, without practical success.

—A diving suit of steel, strong enough to resist enormous water pressures, has enabled divers to descend over 600 feet into the ocean. But the enormous weight of the suit, over four hundred pounds, hinders free action, and the hopes of using such an apparatus for the recovery of deep sunken treasures seem fruitless.

—Finger tips are the eyes of the blind. The invention of raised type in the form of dots, the Braille system, has made reading practicable for the blind. It is now proposed to extend the system for 'seeing' color, by adopting set lines, dots, crosses, etc., for the various colors.

—An automatic stop for trains that do not observe danger signals is being tried successfully in Europe. The principle is that of wireless telegraphy. A small sending station on the locomotive, when passing a set danger signal, has its radiation reflected from a plate fixed in the track, and the attention of the engineer is then drawn by a lighted lamp, or by the ringing of a bell in the cab itself.

—Radium salts will glow in the dark. Their

practical applications to watches, dials, keyholes, push buttons, etc., are increasing from day to day. It is no longer necessary to lose time, patience, and part of the skin to find a pull-chain in the dark, if the knob be treated with the luminous material.

—The use of electrical instruments such as irons, toasters, etc., in the ordinary home increases with the efficiency and economy of the appliances offered. Care for future installations is now taken by arranging a number of base-board outlets in new houses, to which any desired attachments may be made without tearing away the plastering.

—An apparatus for the detection of heat has been perfected whereby the radiation of heat from a human body six hundred feet away can be perceived. It was used in the late war to detect the approach of hostile raiding parties creeping towards the trenches at night.

—The spring freshets of the Mississippi valleys carry millions of fish beyond their usual bounds, and on receding, leave them trapped in landlocked pools to die as the water evaporates. The Bureau of Fisheries is conserving food practically by seining the pools and returning the fish to running water. Three months work in 1918 saved nearly fifty-five million fish, enough to furnish a Friday dinner for every person in the United States, with enough left over to feed the cat for a week.

—A small space tractor, weighing only seven hundred pounds, has been placed on the market by an Indianapolis firm. The drawbar pull is one and one-half horse power.

—A new method of filling the silo has been perfected. A corn harvester fitted with a cutter delivers the cut corn in the field from the stalk into the wagon. The minced corn is hauled to the silo, where the blower hoists it over the top. In a recent test, a silo filled by the old method cost one dollar a ton for labor, whilst the new method cost only sixty cents a ton.

—The 'art,' if it may be so called, of the drummer in theater orchestras is growing daily more complicated and extensive. In one large moving-picture house, the drummer performs at various times on over three hundred instruments, or rather on noise producing implements, for instance, a blacksmith's anvil.

—An electric thawing-machine is used in Alaska to thaw frozen ground where a railroad is to be built.

—It is estimated that fifty per cent of the repair work on automobiles is done from underneath the chassis. To keep a repair man from lying so much on his back, a simple hoist has been devised whereby the front of a car may be tilted at an angle sufficient for access to the car without inconvenience.

—A new type of oil-cup promises to replace the grease-cups on automobiles. Grease-cups have proved unsatisfactory because the caps are easily lost and because the grease does not lubricate when it hardens. Oil is much better than grease, but so far has had no cup for satisfactory application. The new oil-cup will not shake loose,

nor will it let the oil leak out when the car is standing still. A pull on the knob of the cup oils the car.

—All the diamonds of the world could be stored in the kitchen pantry yet their value is placed in current prices between twelve and twenty billion dollars. In spite of the H. C. L., the United States has become the greatest buyer of diamonds, absorbing during the war nearly eighty-five per cent of the world's production. The perfectly cut and brilliant diamond of today is not more than fifty years old, the mathematical proportions for best refraction and reflection being discovered by Henry D. Morse, of Boston, in the last century. Fiction in its maddest moods never invented romance more bewildering than the stories of great diamonds. For these baubles wars have been waged, nations devastated, thrones and dynasties overturned, men slaughtered by tens of thousands. The Hope blue diamond, the only one of the historic great diamonds to come to the United States, has the superstition clinging to it of bringing disaster to the owner or wearer. History lends color to the idea. The merchant who brought it from India failed in business, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette who inherited it lost their heads on the guillotine, at least eleven other owners or wearers met violent deaths, whilst lesser misfortunes are known for others. Imported into the United States, it was bought for three hundred thousand dollars, by an American millionaire whose only child, the heir to all his vast riches and the idol of very special care, was later killed at play by an automobile. Happiness does not consist in riches alone.

—Subatomic energy, though old enough to occupy a place in the recent textbooks, has been the subject of much current comment. It is that energy which an atom develops when changing into another atom of a different kind, or in producing atoms of another nature. The novelty for us lies in the change of nature and in the enormous energy that is, or seems capable of being, produced. The change of one atom into another of a different kind was long held to be impossible, the atoms being considered like to bricks which may be used to build different houses, but which in themselves are always the same. The attempt in the Middle Ages to change base metals like lead into nobler metals like gold, led to so much knavery and quackery that the word *alchemy*, which meant chemistry, came to have a bad sense, and the idea of change in the nature of atoms themselves was treated with derision. The discovery and study of Radium has led men back to the Middle Age idea. The glow in the dark that radium substances produce has been investigated, and the startling conclusion reached that radium, whilst remaining radium, was giving off another kind of substance, that atoms were being changed into something altogether different. The energy developed is still more astonishing. The heat given off by radium is about three hundred thousand times that of an equal amount of coal in burning, and only the small amount of radium in the world prevents us from having a new source of wonderful energy. Looking to the future, is it not possible that the atoms of *all* matter, like wood and steel, may be changed with the development of like enormous energy? The possibility appeals

to popular fancy—a locomotive using only a little fraction of the coal it now uses for power.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—St. Augustine's Church for colored people, Louisville, Ky., has just celebrated its golden jubilee. Rt. Bishop O'Donoghue was celebrant of the pontifical High Mass on the occasion.

—Because of the high rate of exchange, our export trade is falling off. At present prices Denmark will buy no more of our hay, corn, and bran. Foreign demand for American meats has almost ceased. With the extremely low value of European money, American goods will not find a ready market in foreign lands. This may increase the supply in home markets and thus cause the excessively high prices to tumble. Chicago wholesale food prices, especially in canned goods, have dropped.

—New York City, with its 8,000,000 inhabitants, the largest city in the world, is a world in itself.

—Thirty-one of the 111 chaplains in the army are Catholic priests.

—The Rt. Rev. Aquino Correa, Salesian Bishop of Matto Crasso, Brazil, S. A., was elected governor of the state more than a year ago. Because of his wonderful success in handling financial and state affairs, he is called a new Richelieu.

—Rev. John N. Strassmaier, S. J., one of the leading Assyriologists of the world, died Jan. 11th in London.

—The Franciscan Fathers will erect a house of studies at the Catholic University.

—The Chicago K. of C's recently conferred Fourth Degree membership on a class of 1050.

—According to newspaper reports the clergy of the M. E. Church, at Denver, have adopted the "retreat" idea. They might find the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius very profitable, if they were to give them a trial.

—Influenza and pneumonia, while not the scourge they were last year, are, nevertheless, claiming quite a number of victims in many parts of the United States.

—Acbishop de Berghes et de Roche, until recently metropolitan of the Old Catholic Church in America, whose conversion we noted in these columns, is reported to have entered the monastery of the Augustinians at Villanova, Pa.

—The city of St. Louis has 83 parochial schools with an attendance of 26,910 pupils.

—In a recent address before Congress, on the vocational rehabilitation of disabled persons former Speaker Champ Clark, made the following remark anent the Smith-Towner educational bill: "But whenever that bill comes in here to make a useless department out of the Bureau of Education, I am against it, and I will use every parliamentary means at my command to beat it."

—The University of Texas has wisely passed a law that forbids the hazing of freshmen. Penalties attached to the infringement of this law are a fine or imprisonment and dismissal. Brutalities resulting in crippling for life and sometimes even death have attended hazing as it is commonly practiced in secular colleges and universities. The University of Texas is to be commended for the step it has taken.

—The *Denver Catholic Register*, one of our wide-awake exchanges in the West, promises that, as soon as three thousand more subscriptions are added to its present list, it will be turned into a daily. Let the good work go on. A string of Catholic dailies from New York to San Francisco ought to be our earnest endeavor.

—Peter Laforce, an old bachelor, died at Pueblo, Col., without the Sacraments. He is reported to have been a good, practical Catholic, but he happened to be living with a non-Catholic family and they did think of summoning the priest.

—Msgr. Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, is to be recalled to Rome, the papers say, to be created cardinal.

—The Precious Blood Fathers are putting up an \$800,000 seminary building at Carthage, O.

—The only Catholic college in Denmark, conducted by the Jesuits at Charlottenlund, because of lack of government appropriations, will have to close its doors.

—A convict, who had escaped after serving eleven months of a two year term, has voluntarily returned to prison to serve out his time. A sermon preached by Father Dempsey, at St. Louis, moved him to take the step.

—Among the notable contributions sent to the Holy Father for the starving children of Europe are the gifts of 950,000 lire from the archdiocese of Chicago and 1,300,000 lire (won in a lottery) from Señor Casariego, a Spanish gentleman.

—We read that a French soldier, who had lost his sight by the explosion of a hand grenade, recovered his sight at Lourdes, whither he had made a pilgrimage.

—The Friars of the Atonement, at Graymoor, N. Y., publishers of the *Lamp* and the *Antidote*, are installing a "magazine cylinder press, capable of printing and folding seven thousand copies an hour."

—John McCormack, the noted singer, may be silver-tongued, but he surely possesses a golden voice—and we doubt not that his coat sleeves are lined with greenbacks. For various war service organizations he has by his siren voice conjured \$540,000 from the pockets of the people—a magnanimous act, a magnificent sum. Just recently he was deservedly presented with a gold medal by the American Legion of New York County, New York.

—Ten colored men and women of St. Peter Claver's Church, Philadelphia, subscribed \$220 to the issue of Irish Republic bond certificates.

—Twenty-two prisoners of various nationalities were confirmed in the Eastern State Penitentiary, at Philadelphia. One of the class, a Chinaman, had been attracted to the faith by the good example of a cell mate. Good example preaches a powerful sermon even in prison.

—Since the first of March French airplanes have been carrying mail and passengers to and fro between eight large cities of France.

—In honor of its fiftieth anniversary, the *Catholic Sentinel*, of Portland, Oregon, got out a special, illustrated edition, on Feb. 5th. The anniversary number records pioneer days as well as present times. We hope that our contemporary in the far Northwest, now fifty years young and vigorous, may live to celebrate many more anniversaries.

—The Catholic church at Franklin, Kansas, is passing through a fiery ordeal. Last summer

the building was burned to the ground. Another arose in its place only to be reduced to ashes after its dedication. The *Catholic Advance* lays the blame at the door of the bolsheviks.

—In Oregon a law has been passed that forbids the publication of papers in a foreign tongue. Will narrowmindedness and pinheadedness never cease?

—The military attaché of the United States embassy at Liberia is Col. Charles Young, a Catholic colored graduate of West Point.

—Over 100 army chaplains met in Chicago on Lincoln's Birthday to organize the Great Lakes Post No. 1, of the American Catholic War Chaplains. Archbishop Mundelein, who assisted at the solemn High Mass that was celebrated at St. Ambrose Church, made an address of welcome to the chaplains. A constitution was adopted and officers were elected. The purpose of the organization is "to maintain fellowship founded upon service in the U. S. Army and Navy; to assemble and preserve a record of Catholic patriotism; to promote devotion to the government and laws of the United States; to safeguard Catholic interests in the Army and Navy; and, in general, to foster loyalty to God and country."

—Italy and Spain have put an end to Sunday papers, France will probably do the same, while the press in Belgium have asked the government for authority to adopt the same measure.

Benedictine

—In these days of unrest our brethren in Europe have had many anxious days. Word comes from the Benedictine abbey at Schaeftlarn, Bavaria, that the Spartacans searched the monastery from cellar to garret for officers, armed students, and stores of ammunition, reported to be concealed therein. The search was of course without result. It was just a case of A. P. A. tactics beyond the sea. The following day the "reds" returned and took possession of the monastery, where they made themselves quite at home. Several nights later help came to the aid of the monks to eject the intruders and a battle was fought at the entrance and within the portals of a house whose motto is "peace." The "reds" were finally subdued but not before they had killed one officer. Later on another detachment of "reds" put in their appearance but they were soon dispersed. This all happened some months ago. Let us hope that peace has been restored to its cloistered haunts.

—St. Ottilien, in Bavaria, had much to suffer from the war in which twenty-five per cent of the community took part. Fifteen priests, 35 clerics, 189 brothers, and 76 students served their country. Of these 11 clerics, 28 brothers, and 14 students fell on the field of battle. Sixty-five are enduring the hardships of captivity in India, Egypt, France, and England. This is quite a drain on the community since there are about sixty priests, 180 brothers, and 150 students on the missions.

—At St. Benedict's Abbey, Seoul, Korea, the whole community is held captive in their abbey. They had to give up their seminary and the missions for the present, but the industrial school, though greatly hampered by restrictions, is still in operation.

—The Benedictine missions in Africa have suffered severely. Thirty-one priests, 22 brothers, and 58 sisters were taken into captivity. Thus 13,000 negro Christians are left without the ministrations of the missionaries while 450 schools, which cared for 28,000 pupils, are empty.

—The Congregation of St. Ottilien sent into the war 20 priests, 55 clerics, 259 brothers, and 123 students. Of this number 80 were killed and 83 are in captivity.

—A report says that the Benedictine monks of La Pierre-qui-Vire, France, after an exile of fifteen years in Belgium, have returned to their ancient abbey.

—Bro. Rhabanus Maurus Cononge, O. S. B., who died on Jan. 25th, at St. Peter's Abbey, Muenster, Saskatchewan, Canada, is deserving of special notice. He was born at New Orleans on Jan. 5, 1849. Feeling an irresistible call to the religious life he entered the Order at St. Vincent's Abbey, Beatty, Pa., where he made vows Feb. 2, 1879. Being a cook by profession, he was employed successively in various houses of the Order. He was a member of the priory at Wet-aug, Ill., near Cairo, until 1903, when the community was transferred to Canada, where it has since flourished.—Bro. Rhabanus was an exemplary religious, humble, simple as a child, faithful in all things even in the least. He was a daily communicant, virtuous, devout, zealous, never idle. He had a high regard for his fellow religious and the greatest respect for his superiors. The last office he filled was that of porter. Because of his affability and friendliness, he was esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. The last twenty-five years of his life was an almost unbroken chain of sufferings. The past five years of his existence were made as endurable as possible by the gentle administrations of the good sisters in the hospital at Humbolt.—Be it said in conclusion that this good brother was a Creole, and in this we believe, he bears the unique distinction of being the only colored man to enter the Order in this country. His mother was a slave owned by a French family.

—The Abbot Primate has issued a call to the Presidents of all the Benedictine Congregations to assemble in Rome on May 13, 1920, for the purpose of discussing matters relative to the Anselmianum, the international Benedictine college, as well as matters pertaining to the welfare of the whole Order.

Missions

—About 80,000 priests and sisters are laboring in the foreign mission field.

—The Maryknoll foreign mission sisterhood, known as the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, have been approved by Rome and they may now establish a canonical novitiate.

—The Jesuit Bishop, Msgr. Lecroart, who is in charge of the Southeast Cheli Mission, recently ordained six native Chinese priests.

—Humanly speaking, although God does not need us to accomplish His purposes, the African missions have sustained an almost irreparable loss in the death of one bishop, ten priests, six brothers, and one seminarian, all members of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. They were sailing on the *Africa*, which was wrecked by a

severe storm in the Bay of Biscay. All perished in the waters.

—The San Quentin Congregation of Priests of the Sacred Heart at Rome are going to erect a seminary for the missions. The Holy Father blessed the project, contributed 20,000 lire towards its accomplishment, and authorized the Fathers to make an appeal to the whole Catholic world for funds.

—Rev. William O'Hare, S. J., has been appointed Bishop of Maximianapolis and Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, West Indies. The consecration took place Feb. 25th, at St. Ignatius Church, New York.

Eucharistic

—During the year 1919 Holy Communion was distributed to 167,500 persons in the Cathedral at Indianapolis. In Lent the Communions average 1000 each morning. This is a splendid showing. In these days of worldliness it is encouraging to see so many of the faithful approach the Holy Table.

—Adjoining the Cathedral is a beautiful chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in which the Rt. Rev. Bishop hopes to establish perpetual adoration. At present there is adoration from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. only on one day of each week.

—*Adoremus* is the name of a new priests' Eucharistic paper that has appeared in Great Britain.

The prosperity the country is now enjoying should not be dissipated in extravagant living, but conserved for solid future benefits, and to enable us to "continue to play the Good Samaritan to the suffering people in Europe."

This is the opinion of Cardinal James Gibbons, of Baltimore, given in a letter to the Savings Division of the Treasury Department commending the continuation of the Treasury Savings Movement during 1920. In a similar letter, Cardinal William O'Connell, of Boston, says:

"I shall be very glad to cooperate in so far as lies within my power with the Savings Division of the Treasury Department in checking the tendency toward extravagance and financial carelessness and in encouraging consistent saving."

Cardinal Gibbons' letter read:

"Every American citizen should realize that the problems arising from the war are individual problems, and can best be solved by careful, frugal living and a curtailing of unnecessary expenses. The prosperity that has come to us is not ours to be spent lavishly and without regard to consequences, but is to be increased by consistent saving, thoughtful investment and wise use. In no other way can we seize upon the opportunity that is presented us, and thus while increasing our own resources, continue to play the Good Samaritan to the suffering people in Europe."

"The point made by Cardinal Gibbons that the responsibility for the solution of today's problems lies with the individual is a most important one," said William Mather Lewis, Director of the Savings Division. "While there is continued public outcry against the high cost of living, there

(Continued on page 382)



Children's Corner

AGNES BROWN HERING



RISEN FROM THE DEAD

WHEN Jesus died on the Cross on Good Friday, the earth became dark. It shook and trembled and great rocks burst open. The soul of Jesus then went into Limbo. Here were the souls of all the people who had died loving God. Here were Adam and Eve and Noe and Abraham and David and Daniel and many many others. When Jesus entered Limbo, this dark prison was filled with a bright light. These people were filled with great joy. They listened to the wonderful story that Jesus had to tell them. He told them that He was the Son of God and that He had been on earth for thirty-three years. He told them He had been born a little baby and that He grew up to be a man and died a terrible death that the gates of Heaven might be opened to them. He told them that soon He was going back to Heaven and would take them with Him.

Late in the afternoon of Good Friday, some of Jesus' friends came to take His sacred Body down from the Cross. When they had drawn out the cruel nails from His poor hands and feet, they laid His body in the arms of His sorrowful and broken-hearted mother. Then they wrapped His sacred body in linens and laid it in a grave cut out of a solid rock. They closed the opening with a huge stone and went away. The Blessed Virgin went home with St. John. Mary Magdalene and some other good women came to watch during the night.

The Jewish priests remembered that Jesus had said that He would come back to life on the third day. They did not believe this and they were afraid that the Apostles would steal the body and hide it and when they saw the empty grave they would believe in Jesus. And so, to watch the grave day and night, they placed a body of Roman Soldiers to guard the sepulchre.

On Sunday morning, very early, Christ's soul left Limbo and came again to His sacred body. He was again alive and was more beautiful and glorious than ever. He walked right through the solid rock as if it had not been there. He left the grave. The stone was rolled back by an angel from Heaven. The Roman soldiers were greatly frightened. They saw that the body of Christ was not in the grave.

The same morning, the three Mary's went with sweet spices and perfumes to anoint the sacred body of their Lord. They were wondering how they would roll back the stone. When they neared the grave they saw to their surprise that the stone had been rolled away. They were frightened and when they looked into the grave, the body was not there, but they saw an angel brighter than the sun and clothed in white garments. They were filled with fear, but the angel assured them saying, "Be not affrighted, you seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified: He is

risen, He is not here. Behold the place where they have laid Him." The women were filled with joy and ran to tell the Apostles who would not believe them but went to see for themselves.

When the Apostles reached the sepulchre and found the body gone, they believed that Our Lord was risen from the dead.

Mary Magdalene was afraid that some one had taken the body of our Lord and she stood by the grave and cried. Presently a Man stood near her and asked her why she wept. She thought it was the gardener and she said, "If you have taken Him away tell me where you have laid Him and I will take Him away." He spoke to her and said, "Mary." Then she knew that it was Our Blessed Lord and she fell crying at His feet. Jesus told her to go tell the rest that she had seen Him.

Later, on that same day, all of the Apostles, with the exception of Thomas, were in the room where they had received their First Communion at the Last Supper. They closed the doors and windows tight for they were afraid the Jews might try to kill them too.

Presently, without knowing from whence or how He came, Jesus stood in their midst and said, "Peace be with you." When the Apostles saw the print of the cruel nails in His hands and feet and the hole in His side, they knew that it was He, their risen Lord.

When Jesus left He said, "Peace be with you. As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." Then He breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained them." By these words Jesus gave them the power to forgive sins.

This day on which Jesus arose from the dead is called the day of His Resurrection or Easter Sunday.

A LITTLE BOY'S LAMENT

I'm going back to grandpapa's;
I won't come back no more,
To hear remarks about my feet
A-muddyin' up the floor,
There's too much said about my clo's,
The scoldin's never done—
I'm going back to grandpapa's,
Where a boy kin have some fun.
I dug up half his garden,
A-gettin' worms for bait;
He said he used to like it
When I laid abed so late;
He said that pie was good for boys,
And candy made 'em grow.
I'm going down to grandpapa's—
I'll turn pirate, first you know.
He let me take his shotgun
An' loaded it for me;

The cats they hid out in the barn,
The hens flew up a tree.
I had a circus in the yard
With twenty other boys—
I'm going back to grandpapa's,
Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair
But once or twice a week;
He wasn't watchin' out fer words
I didn't orter speak;
He told me stories 'bout the war,
And Injuns shot out West.
Oh, I'm goin' down to grandpapa's,
Fer he knows what boys like best.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

SIR GALAHAD'S SHIELD

(Continued)

Sir Galahad said to the white knight, "From whence did this shield come?" And this is what the white knight told Sir Galahad.

"About thirty-two years after the passion of Our Lord Jesus, that Joseph of Arimathea with a large party of his kindred departed from Jerusalem. Now Joseph of Arimathea it was who took Our Lord's body off the holy cross. They traveled till they came to a city called Sarras. At that time there was a king called Evelake who made war against the Saracens who were the people of Sarras. King Evelake warred especially against his cousin who was a great and mighty king. One day these two met to do battle. Then Joseph, the son of Joseph of Arimathea went to King Evelake and told him that he should be slain unless he left his old belief and believed upon the new law. And Joseph showed King Evelake which was the true belief and King Evelake agreed to accept this new belief and a shield was made for him in the name of Christ whose teaching he had agreed to accept. King Evelake was baptized and so were all of the people of that city. Soon after this, Joseph and King Evelake departed from Sarras and went to Great Britain. When Joseph lay upon his deathbed, King Evelake was very sorrowful and begged that Joseph would leave him some token that he might always keep his memory fresh. And Joseph told King Evelake that he would be glad to leave him a remembrance and asked for the King's shield. He then made a cross of his own blood upon the shield and said, 'Now you may see a remembrance that I love you. This shield shall always be as fresh as it is now and no man shall bear this shield except he shall repent it until the time that Galahad, the good knight, bear it and he shall do many marvellous deeds. And so that day that they have set is come, and you have your shield.'" The white knight vanished as he said these words. The squire who was with Sir Galahad, alighted from his horse and kneeled at his feet and begged that he might go with him until he became a knight. Sir Galahad would not refuse him so he made him a knight and they went back to the abbey from whence they had come. Great joy was made for Sir Galahad. We will follow the adventures of Sir Galahad in his search for the Holy Grail and tell about his encounter with Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale.

(To be continued)

Our Boys and Girls who have seen trees and grass covered with a coating of ice will appreciate the following verses which were contributed to the CORNER.

THE CRYSTALS' FLIGHT

A. HUYSER

The crystal blade and crystal twig
That crystal stalklets grace,
The whispering breezes gently sigh
And stroke each crystal face.

The crystal blade and crystal twig
Each clears its crystal throat,
And, nodding to the gentle wind,
Invites with crystal note,

"Oh dearest breeze," they seem to say,
"Come play with us a while;
We are so lonely, stiff, and cold,
Come cheer us with thy smile."

The breezes came in playful glee
Their lonely mates to cheer,
The sun peeped out from noonday sky
And filled their hearts with fear.

In splendor bright the sun shone forth
And smote their crystal ears.
Then in their fright they took to flight
And ran away in tears.

In limpid streams those tears still flow,
But fright has turned to glee,
For now in sparkling, dancing brooks
They haste to reach the sea.

LETTER BOX

We have a special treat this time in the form of a letter from a Zulu girl who lives in Africa. I wish I might show you the letter as it came to our desk. You would be delighted with it and you would admit that it is far superior to the work of a large percent of our American boys and girls because they are careless. We hope to hear from our Zulu friends very, very often.

Centocow, P. O. Braecroft, South Africa,
Natal, 21st of Dec. 1919.

DEAR AUNT AGNES:

You will be much surprised to receive a letter by a Zulu girl of Centocow in Natal in the very South of Africa. Centocow is a Mission Station founded in 1888 by the Rev. Father Gerard Wolpert, who in 1900 became Abbot of Marianhill, the great South African Catholic Mission Centre.

Before 1888, there were only rough stones and tall sunburnt grass to be seen, but in the course of a few years, the busy hands of the Missionary Fathers and Brothers and the Sisters of the Precious Blood assisted by their native converts, transformed the whole place into a very beautiful spot on God's earth. It has become a little village (with nearly 300 inhabitants) situated on the right bank of the Umzinkulu, one of the greatest three rivers of Natal. But you would call it a very small river, compared with the large rivers of the United States of America.

The chief features of Centocow are the forests surrounding it, its orchards and vineyards planted by the Brothers. Centocow has one boarding

school with about 150 pupils (boys and girls) and five Day Schools.

Should more letters from Centocow be welcome, Dear Aunt Agnes, you will hear much about the Missions, its schools and children.

We poor Zulu children cannot be grateful enough to the pious Missionaries who brought us the knowledge of Jesus Christ and true Christian civilization. We ask all the little readers of THE GRAIL to pray for us Zulu children that we may remain faithful to God.

I am,

Yours respectfully,
Willibalda Mkize.

We are also happy to acknowledge the receipt of six splendid letters from the following pupils of the Indian Mission School at Stephan, South Dakota: Ella Eagle Boy, Sophia Touch, Lillian AllAround, Ida Turner, and Reuben Skunk. You would be surprised to see how neatly they are written and how legible the penmanship is. Space will not permit us to publish them all at once but you may look for them one at time.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

ANKLE MOVEMENTS

Stand erect! Chest high, hands on hips, heels together, toes out. Breathe deeply at all times.

1. Raise left leg, knee waistline high, or as high as you can, straighten leg, stretch foot.
2. Bend knee and bring foot back to place.
3. Same exercise with right leg and foot.
4. Raise left knee, straighten leg, describe small circle with toes. This is an excellent movement for the ankle.
5. Same exercise with right foot.
6. Raise left knee, straighten leg, move foot up and down from the ankle. Count eight.
7. Same exercise with right foot.

CHILDREN'S CUTE SAYINGS

Lorette Locals

The children of St. Rose School were making the aspiration, "Jesus, meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine," and it was discovered that little Johnnie thus understood and said the prayer: "Jesus, meek and tumble apart, make my heart like a dime."

One of the Religious, born on the Emerald Isle and not long since gone to her reward, used



FEEDING THE CHICKENS

to relate how when she was told that in case of danger of death of a child, a layman could baptize it, her youthful brain began seriously to reflect where she should go to find a "lame man" in case of emergency.

Another Sister, still laboring zealously in the Lord's vineyard, relates how her baby-mind interpreted the definition of prayer—"A raising of the heart to God." She thought the heart was enclosed between the joined palms of the hands, and so her little hands kept going higher and higher.

A Religious now holding a high office tells how she heard the words of the hymn, "Hide us, O Mary, in thy heart." She thought they were, "I just saw Mary in my heart," and when that line came around she would not sing, as she had not seen Mary in her heart, and she used timidly to turn to her little companion to see how things were going with her, who she supposed had been so favored, as she sang earnestly.

ADAM AND EVE

Essay by a little child of a school "on the border." Original and here given just as written and handed in to Sister A— at Sunday School class, 1920:

"God made a man and woman, Adams and Eves. He put them in heaven in an apple tree garden and He say, 'Don't eat any apples or you dies.' So Eves she goes and looks at the apple tree, and the devil he maketh hisself in to an animal and he says to Evas, 'You eat the apple you don't go died.' So Evas she takes the apples and she make Adams took the apple, and Adams and Evas took the apple. Then God he gets mad at Adam and Evas and he sent an angel to chase them out of the apple trees garden and they never comes back again."

NOTE:—We appreciate very much the kindness of our readers who send us cute sayings from time to time. Children the world over are given to saying very clever things and sometimes astonish their elders till they are almost speechless. Kindly send your contributions to the Editor of THE GRAIL at St. Meinrad or to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska, and thus contribute to the success and continued popularity of a good Catholic magazine. Thank you.

MY LITTLE FRIENDS

BROTHER AUGUSTUS, C. S. C.

Listen, 'tis the bluebird's note!
Welcome, welcome, silver throat;
Happy voice of happy Spring,
With thee all our hearts shall sing.
Now, year, let your curtain rise,
On green fields and smiling skies,
On the hills whose pulse is glad,
On a world with verdure clad.
Haste, for lo, the bluebird sings!
Hope and heavenly cheer he brings;
Prophet, he of summer, all
Summer joy speaks in his call.

Each day St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi made thirty visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

Abbey Chronicle

—February opened with a beautiful spring-like day. "If Candlemas Day be pleasant and fair," and it was, with winter No. 2 at its heels. Evidently Mr. Groundhog was lured forth too soon and, frightened at the sight of his black shadow in midwinter, beat a hasty retreat to the department of the interior to cuddle up in a heap for another six weeks. Happy creature.

—The last of the new band instruments was received early in February. Bandmaster Father Thomas is delighted with the selection, the tone, and the quality of the instruments. Unless all signs fail, spring concerts will soon be in order.

—The priests and clerics of the abbey made their annual retreat from Feb. 8th to 13th inclusive. Father Roger Middendorf, O. F. M., for many years rector of the Franciscan college at Teutopolis, Ill., but now stationed at Cleveland, O., conducted the spiritual exercises. Father Roger also gave the brothers a six day retreat.

—From February 9th to 13th the students made their retreat under the guidance of Father John Joseph, O. F. M., of St. Louis.

—Father Francis succeeds Father Fintan as chaplain at Ferdinand; Father Leander has taken charge of the parish at Siberia.

—On March 10th Father Subprior, Very Rev. Celestine Sander, O. S. B., was called to Celestine by the death of a sister.

—James McBarron, of Fifth Latin, went to New Albany, in February, to attend the funeral of a sister. On the return trip he was accompanied by his grother Charles who came on business. We acknowledge a call.

—While enroute home from Florida, where he had spent several weeks, Frank Duffy, of Indianapolis, stopped over for a few hours on March 7th.

—Thomas McCarthy, of Fourth Latin, left for Lexington, Ky., on March 10th, to see his mother who is very ill.

—Father Ildephonse, professor of Second Latin, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at Louisville, is recuperating.

—Father Ignatius spent March 7th at Evansville with his father, Mr. Martin Esser, who had recently been under the surgeon's knife.

—We learn with regret that on Jan. 28th Rev. Joseph McAleer, class of '11, who is stationed at Chapeze, Ky., lost his church and residence. His personal effects were also consumed by the flames.

—Rev. Theophilus Schwamm, class of '95, pastor of St. Malachy's Church, Beattie, Kan., recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. Congratulations!

—Francis Joseph Keller, class of '14, who finished his theological studies at Louvain, writes from Germany, appealing for aid. He received deaconship just before the war broke out and is still waiting for priesthood. The seminarians of both departments made up a purse which they forwarded to him.

—Joseph Thompson, College '10-'14, a brother of Rev. Albert Thompson, '15, is reported at the point of death.

—Rev. George Widerin, class of '77, for twenty-seven years pastor at North Vernon, Ind., died, Feb. 3rd, in the seventy-third year of his age. Father Widerin served as private in the 144th Indiana Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War.

—Of a class of twelve ordained on May 28, 1877, only three now survive: Fathers James Pfeiffer of St. Wendel, Ind., Simon Weisinger of Columbus, O., Pius Boehm, O. S. B., of Stephan, S. D. The catalog, in which these names occur under "Priests ordained during the year," i. e., '76-'77, was the first to be printed for the seminary and college.

—Rev. Adalbert Wensorra, class of '15, pastor at Falls City, Texas, in the San Antonio diocese, died Feb. 29th from pneumonia resulting from the "flu."

—Rev. J. H. Hillebrand, class of '86, pastor of St. Boniface Church, Evansville, is happily recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

—Rev. George Eckart, '90-'94, pastor at Lawrence, Kansas, looks after the spiritual welfare of the Catholic Indian pupils who attend the Government School at that place. Father Eckart likewise attends to the spiritual needs of the Catholic students at the Kansas University.

The Birthday of the Grail

(Continued from page 357)

"holy"—celebrates its birthday together with the Holy Grail, for though the first issue bore the date of May, 1919, yet its real birthday is Maundy Thursday, on which day the first number came off the press. From all appearances THE GRAIL has clung faithfully to its namesake. Its trend has been like unto the latter—to serve as a cup, not indeed presuming to convey to us the Holy Eucharist itself, but endeavoring to carry Eucharistic devotion to us and to pour it into our very hearts. It is true that not every article has been paraded in bold-faced type, as Eucharistic, but Eucharistic matter has always occupied the place of honor and played the role of guardian, as it were, over all the other contributions. Eucharistic matter—in the shape of pithy pointed sayings which, like fiery shafts, have been aimed at our hearts to wound them and to make them homesick for the Eucharistic Lord—has been strewn from cover to cover. As to the other matter, the Eucharistic spirit, though unseen, breathed gently beneath its surface. Under this matter, which has occupied the bulk of the space, the Eucharistic spirit has hidden itself purposely so as not to *repel* but to attract us the more surely and in greater numbers, to ensnare us, as it were, with its tiny and almost imperceptible tendrils, to draw us in gradually, to bring us eventually to the very throne on which rests the Holy Grail that harbors the same Eucharistic Lord. May THE GRAIL remain true to its name and faithful to its program. Thus it will be truly Eucharistic and at the same time attractive to the readers for whom it is intended—it purports to be a popular monthly—it will then have greater assurance of living to celebrate many more birthdays.

(Continued from page 377)

is simultaneous evidence that the mass of the public not only refuses to economize in shopping and buying, but consistently demands the highest priced article without regard to the comparative quality of lower priced ones.

"It has become an old story in the retail stores throughout the country that the public will not buy low priced articles. The country seems to be suffering from a peculiar form of self-hypnosis which makes it turn from all articles priced in figures no higher or only a little higher than they were before the war. There are authenticated instances of manufacturers being forced to take back goods from retailers, eradicate the old price stamp, and imprint a new and higher price mark.

"It is as true now as it was in the time of Pharaoh that the flood tide of prosperity will not last forever. After the seven fat years will come seven lean years and it should not require another Joseph to point out to us that the savings for the lean years should be piled up during the years of plenty we are now experiencing.

"The Government is continuing the sale of War Saving Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates, has made a safe and easy way of increasing savings available to every school child, to every man and woman who is a patron of post-office or bank.

"This country, as well as the nations of Europe should pay careful heed to Clemenceau's dictum, 'We must work more and talk less.' We should particularly be willing to weigh the words of our financial leaders, who are unanimous in assuring us that to prevent disaster we must 'Work and Save.'"

BUY W. S. S.

Book Review

LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN PICTURES. By Rev. Wm. D. O'Brien. Extension Press, Chicago, \$1.50.

Father O'Brien and the Extension Press are to be congratulated on this excellent addition to Catholic books. The volume is especially interesting because of its beautifully printed pictures, which are taken from the most renowned artists, all together presenting the life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from Chénier's "Joachim and Anne" to Bordone's "Glory of Paradise." Besides the pictures, it contains short descriptions thereof, written in a brief and interesting style. To our mind, such a book would be just the thing for parents, to instill into their children the principles of our holy religion, at the same time imbuing them with an early love for the Blessed Virgin Mary. The impressions made by these pictures would be far better than that made by the generality of picture shows. H. B.

THE MODERN WORLD: From Charlemagne to the Present Time. By the Rev. Francis S. Betten, S. J., and the Rev. Alfred Kaufmann, S. J. 900 pages. \$1.80. Allyn & Bacon, Chicago.

"The Modern World" is a textbook of history and a companion volume to Betten's "The Ancient World." "A Summary of Ancient Times," which is a digest of the latter, precludes "The Modern World," Christ being presented as the pivot of

unity and the link of continuity. Christ in the Church, Christianity, the relations between the Church and State, supply the material for the history of civilized humanity onward to the Revolution in the sixteenth century. Hence "The Modern World" is divided into: Book I, "The Era of Religious Unity," and Book II, "From the Disruption of Religious Unity to Our Own Times." In Book I We have the origin of the European States and their development, the feudal system, the monastic state, the development of the papal power, scholasticism, the growth of parliamentary government, the inquisition, the renaissance, etc., all of which are treated with great precision and remarkable clearness. In Book II the false and the true reforms are explained in the light of the principle laid down by Leo XIII in his Brief on Historical Studies: "It is the first law of history to assert nothing false and to have no fear of telling the truth." The human element of the Church is not overlooked, but the blame for evils is laid where it belongs. The authors' views of real modern history are quite liberal and impartial and touch even "The Great War," to which, however, we are, as yet, too near to focus the proper perspectives and to judge of its real gigantic proportions. Throughout, the philosophy of the historical events is traced by giving the causes that have made the modern world. The work, which is based largely on West's "Modern World," has copious references to Guggenberger's "General History of the Christian Era." Clear cut divisions and variety of typography, colored maps and fine illustrations, a comprehensive Booklist and Index with pronunciations, a lucid narrative and pleasing style, these and other features make "The Modern World" a model, long-looked-for manual for the Catholic teacher, student, and general reader of history. Next term Betten and Kaufmann's "The Modern World" will be introduced at the St. Meinrad Preparatory Seminary. L. E.

MODEL ENGLISH, Book One. By Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. 190 pages. 80 cents. Allyn & Bacon, Chicago.

MODEL ENGLISH, Book Two. By Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., 301 pages. \$1.20. Allyn & Bacon, Chicago.

In *Model English, Book One* (known as *Imitation and Analysis*) and in *Model English, Book Two*, Father Donnelly has embodied a complete and practical presentation of the art of composition for secondary schools, and, we take pleasure in adding, has given to teachers two of the best texts of this kind that have as yet been published. *Model English, Book Two*, which has, for its particular subject, the Fitting Expression of Thought, presents adequately the entire theory and practice of rhetoric and of composition. Its clear and direct exposition, and, above all, its eminently practical character, should win for it a place in all our Catholic institutions that are looking for a text on rhetoric and composition. W.

CENTURY HANDBOOK OF WRITING. By Garland Greever and Easley S. Jones. 228 pages. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

"This handbook," as the authors state in the preface, "treats of grammar, diction, spelling, mechanics; and develops with thoroughness the principles of sentence structure." We commend the *Century Handbook* as a useful and convenient manual.

ADVERTISEMENTS

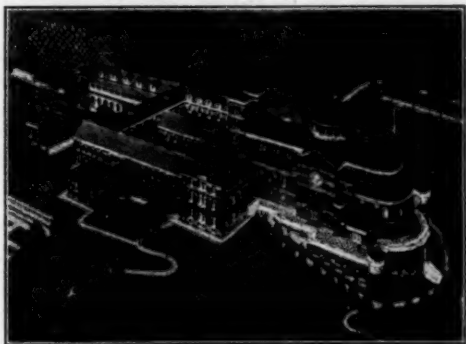
St. Mary-of-the-Woods

—79th YEAR—

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN—Standard Courses leading to Degrees. Departments of Expression, Household Economics, Conservatory of Music, School of Art, Elective Courses, 12 buildings, gymnasium, natatorium, 40-acre golf links, riding, etc.

Member of the North Central Association of Colleges

ACADEMY FOR GIRLS
Preparatory and Special Courses. For Bulletins and Illustrated Booklet address
THE REGISTRAR Box 31
St Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.



ACADEMY of the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Ferdinand, Indiana.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and young Ladies, conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict. Commissioned by the Board of Education of the State of Indiana to confer on its graduates all privileges and rights of Commissioned High Schools. Special facilities for the study of Music and Art. Location healthful and convenient, grounds extensive and beautiful. Building well equipped for educational work. Aims: Physical Health, Solid Knowledge, Cultured Manners. Thorough moral and religious training. For particulars address:

SISTER SUPERIOR,

Academy of the Immaculate Conception,
Ferdinand, Indiana.

Training for Authorship



Dr. Esenwein

for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

One pupil has received over \$5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over \$1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over \$75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, especially valuable for its full reports of the literary market. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-page illustrated catalogue free.

Please address—

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 89 Springfield, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1897

INCORPORATED 1904



Are You Equipped to Win Success?

Here is your opportunity to insure against embarrassing errors in spelling, pronunciation and choice of words. Know the meaning of puzzling war terms. Increase your efficiency, which results in power and success.

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

DICTIONARY is an all-knowing teacher, a universal question answerer, made to meet your needs. It is in daily use by hundreds of thousands of successful men and women the world over.

400,000 Words. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations.
12,000 Biographical Entries.
30,000 Geographical Subjects.

GRAND PRIZE, (Highest Award)
Panama-Pacific Exposition.

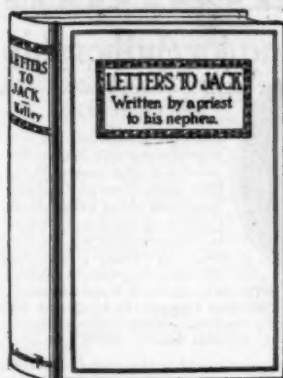
REGULAR and INDIA-PAPER Editions.

Write for Specimen Pages. FREE Pocket Maps if you name this paper.

**G. & C.
MERRIAM
CO.,
Springfield,
Mass.,
U. S. A.**



ADVERTISEMENTS



Letters to Jack

Father Kelley's Famous Book For Boys

"Every young man should read this masterful book," says the former Governor of the State of Illinois. Not only former Governor Dunne, but scores of other big men in every walk of life, statesmen, judges, lawyers, professors, clergymen—all thoroughly endorse and recommend this remarkable work that is so different, so entertainingly instructive, so brimful of likable advice that even the most cynical young man will find enjoyment and profit in reading it from cover to cover. The Most Rev. Geo. W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, says of it, "I would, if I could, put a copy of it into the hands of every young man."

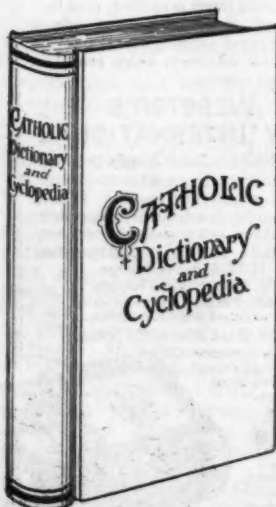
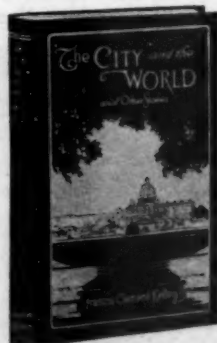
Price per copy \$1.25

The City and the World

By the Rt. Rev. Francis Kelley, D. D., President of The Catholic Church Extension Society.

No doubt you are already well acquainted with Monsignor Kelley through his contribution to Extension Magazine. But perhaps you thought of him only as an editorial writer. If so, we have here a real surprise in store for you when you read "The City and the World." You'll find that Monsignor Kelley's short stories are remarkably interesting and entertaining, too. You're sure to enjoy reading every single one of the entire fifteen stories in this volume. Everything, everyone, is just as realistic, just as true to life, as if you were actually living and acting each story yourself.

By purchasing this book in large quantities we are able to place it before our readers at the low price of only \$1.25 per copy, postpaid.



Catholic Dictionary and Cyclopaedia

Here at last is a complete, compact compendium of religious principles that every Catholic has wanted. A brief but adequate explanation of the doctrines, discipline, rites, ceremonies, and councils of the Holy Church, including an abridged account of the Religious Orders. Makes everything about your religion perfectly clear to you.

So fully does this Catholic Dictionary and Cyclopaedia serve the purpose that it is a recognized work of reference and consultation in many Catholic colleges, convents, and institutions. Yet it is all written in such clear, simple, easy-to-understand language that every Catholic will find in it an invaluable fount of knowledge on religious things.

You won't have to stutter and stumble and feel embarrassed when some non-Catholic asks you a puzzling question. You'll find the answer and complete authority just by consulting this book.

304 pages, cloth bound, gold edge, \$1.25

THE ABBEY PRESS

Book Dept.

St. Meinrad, Ind.

